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APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

PETER PARKER, THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN™

BEWARE!
IT'S ASSISTANT
EDITORS' MONTH!
DON'T SAY WE DIDN'T WARN YOU!

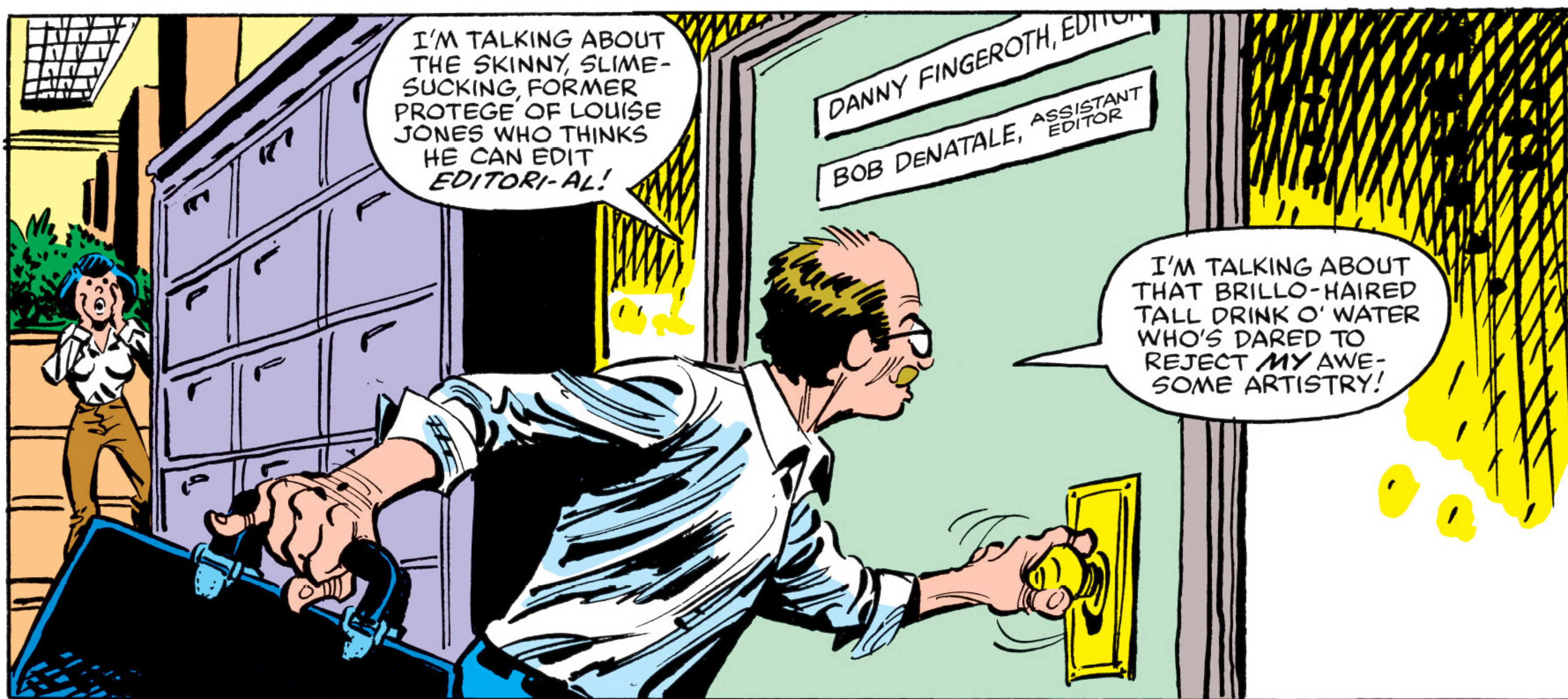
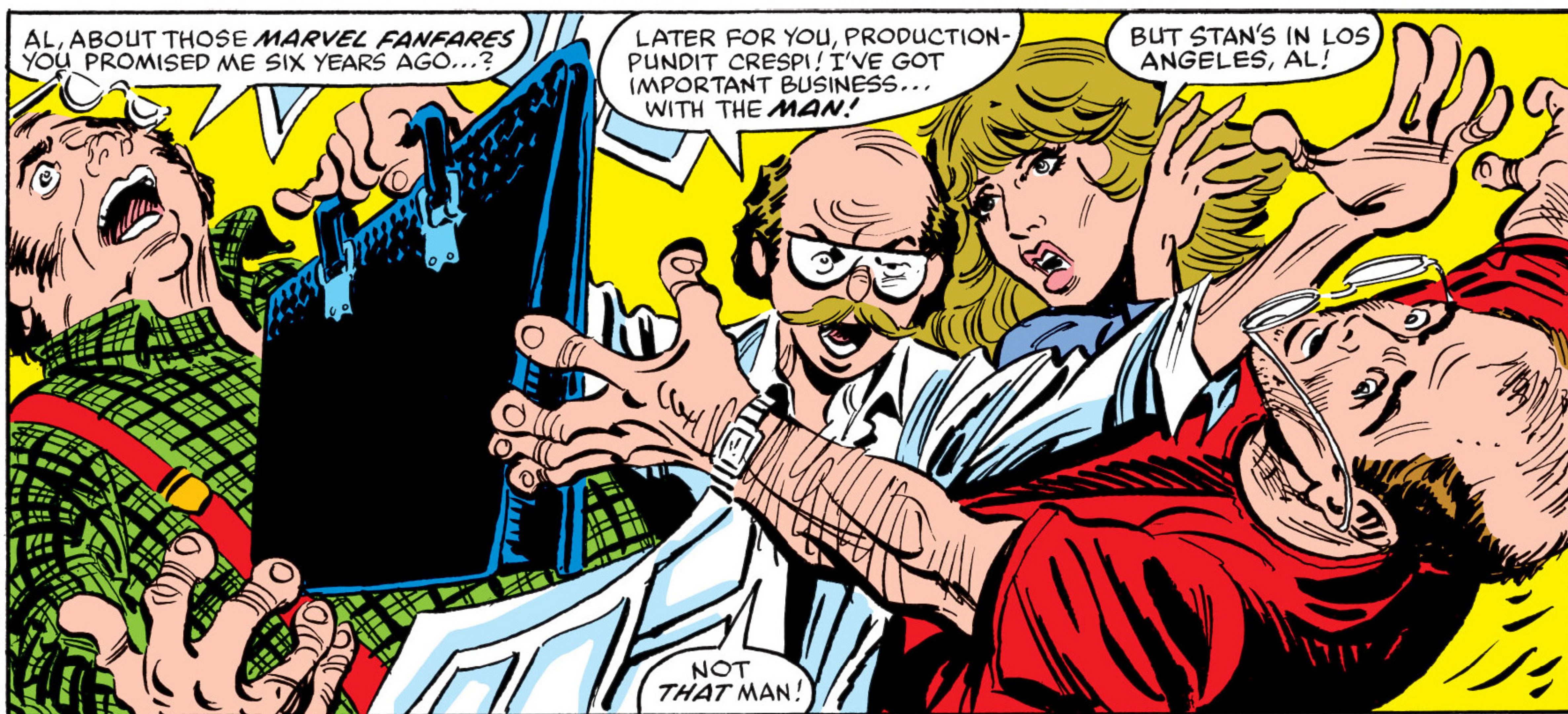
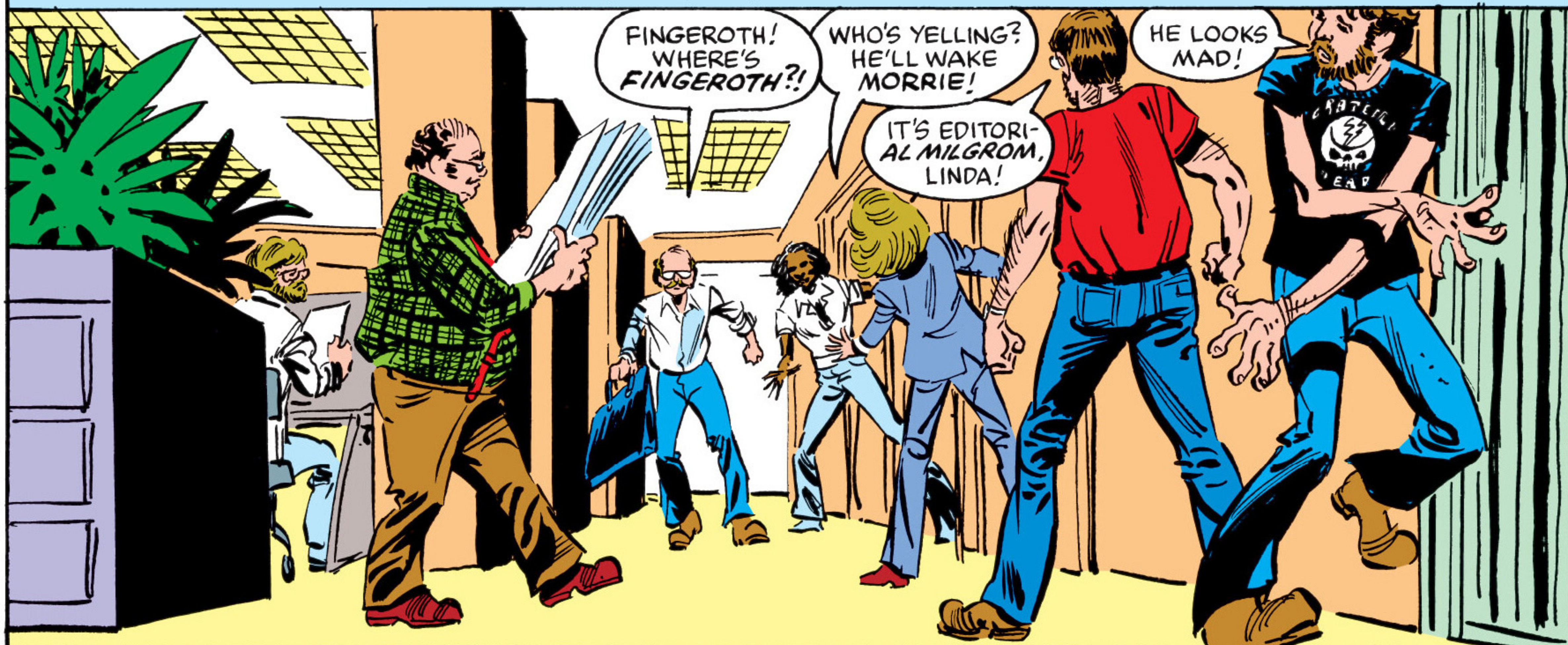
I DON'T BELIEVE
IT, CAT! THEY GOT
FRED HEMBECK
TO DRAW THIS
ISSUE!

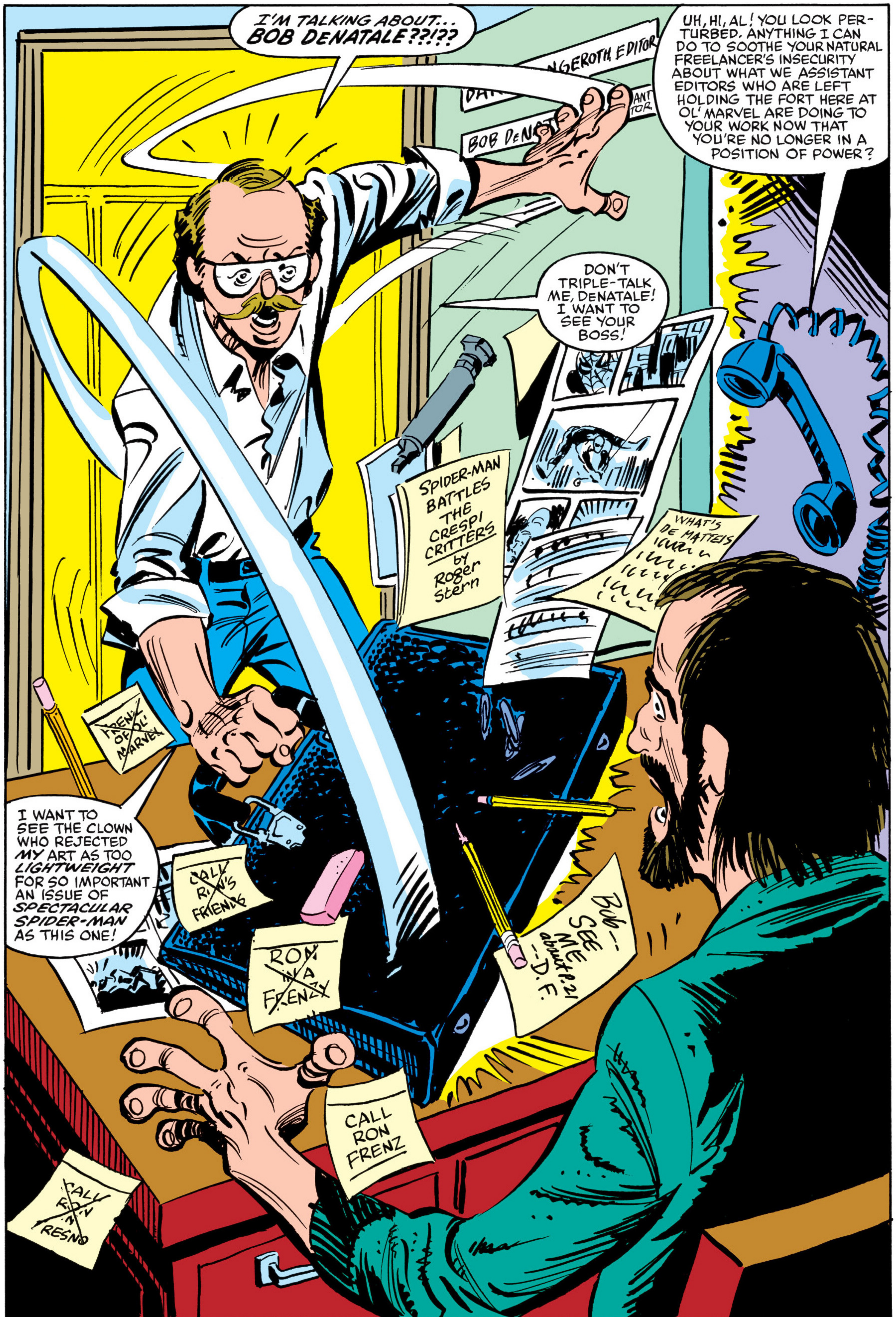
YEAH...
LOVE THOSE
KNEES!

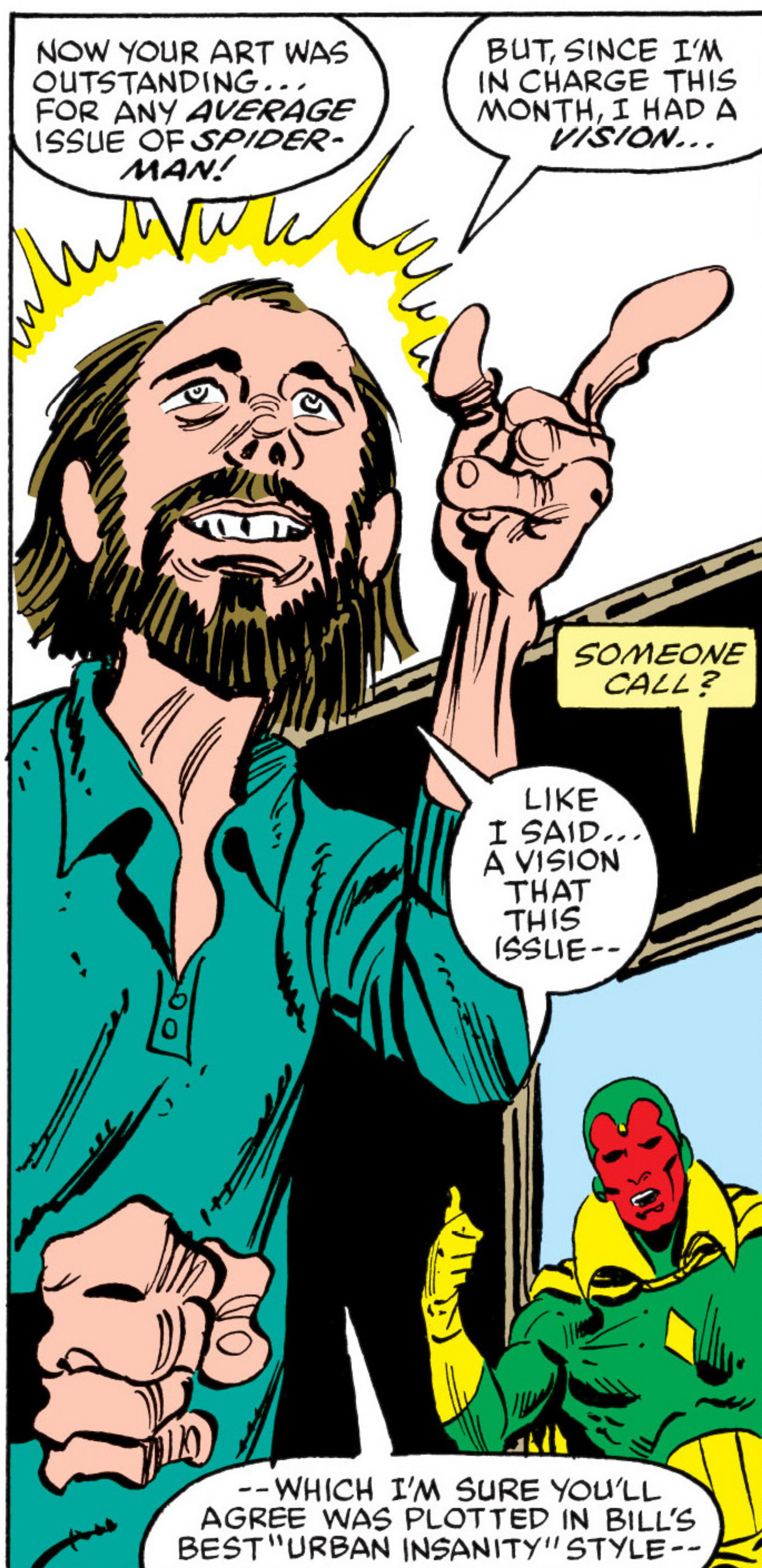
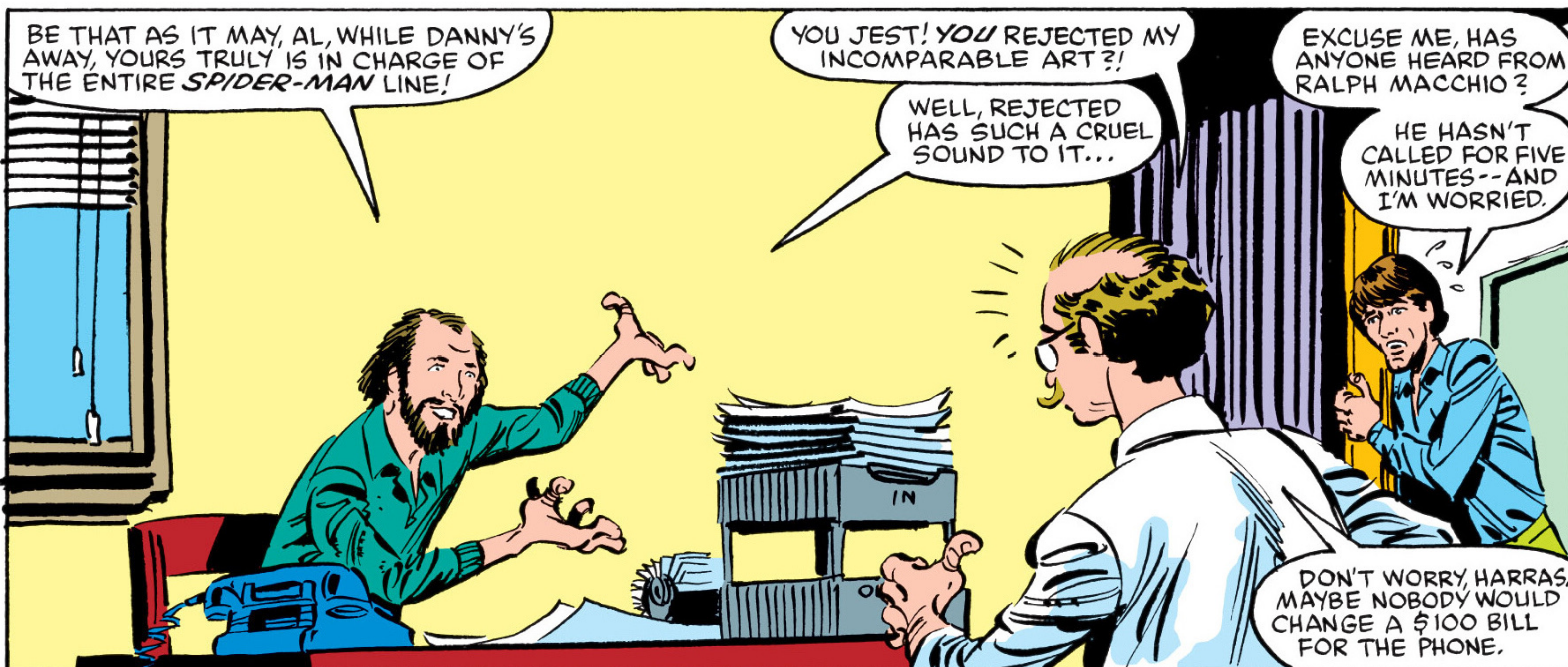
HEMBECK / ALBELO

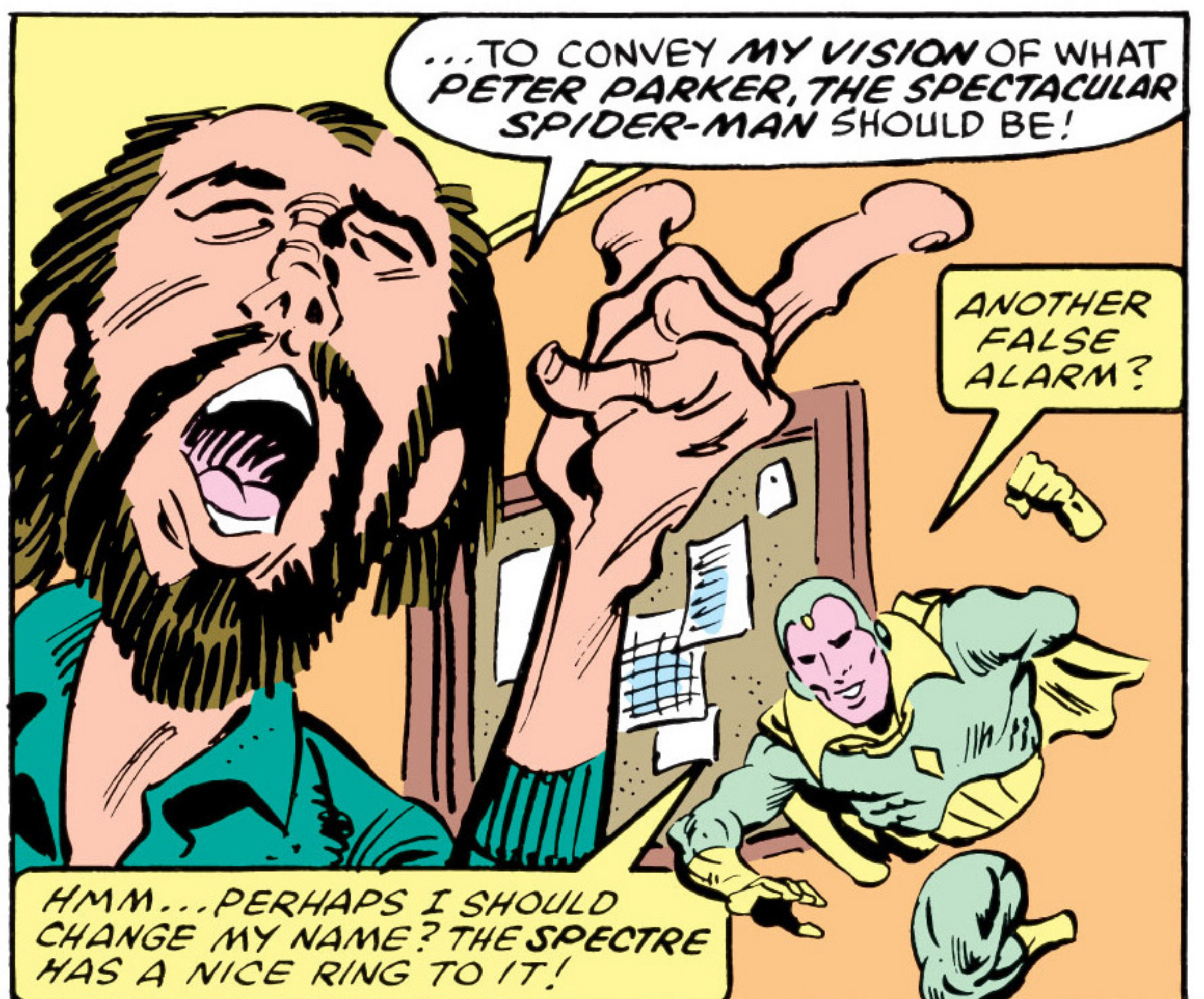
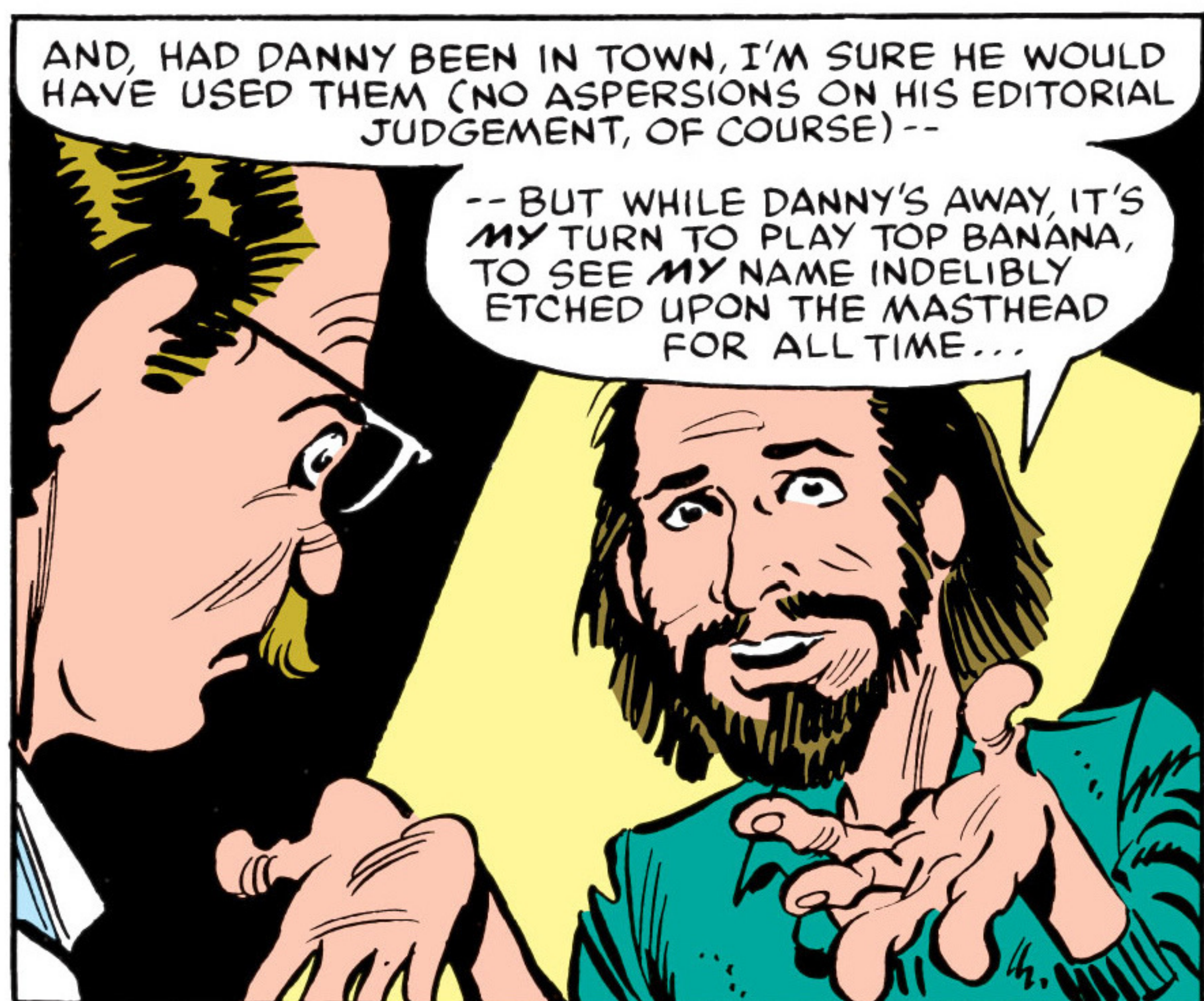
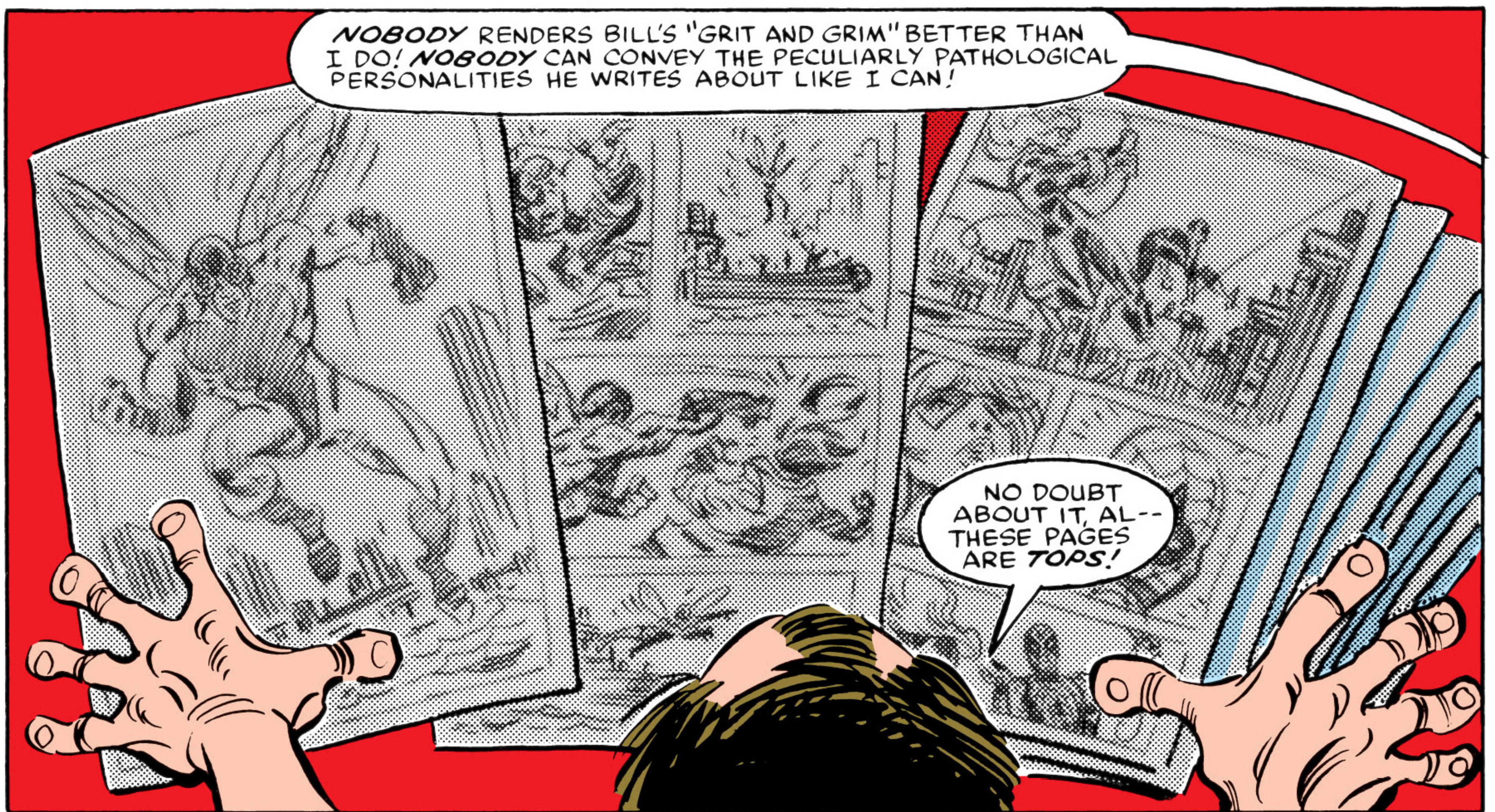


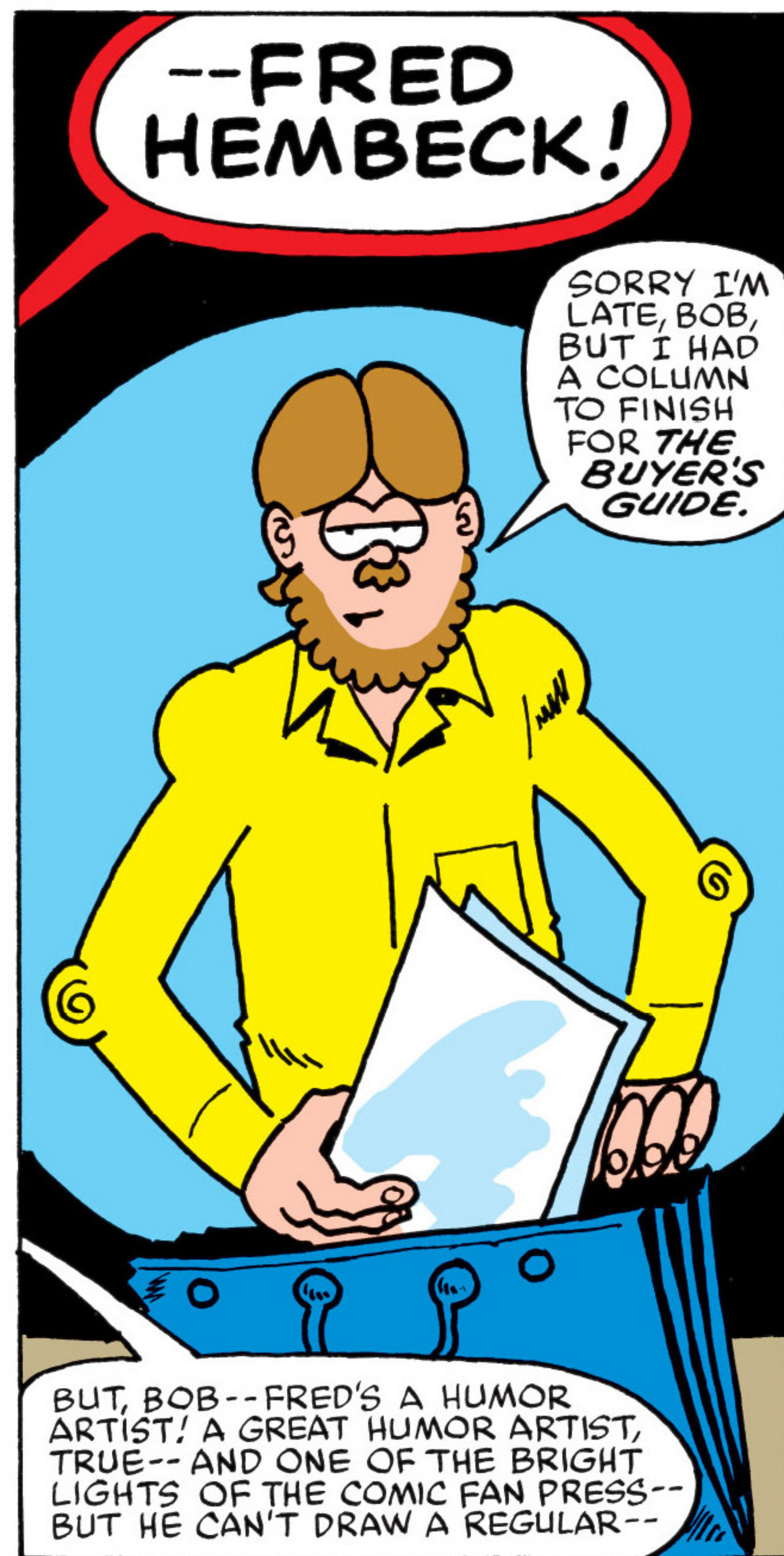
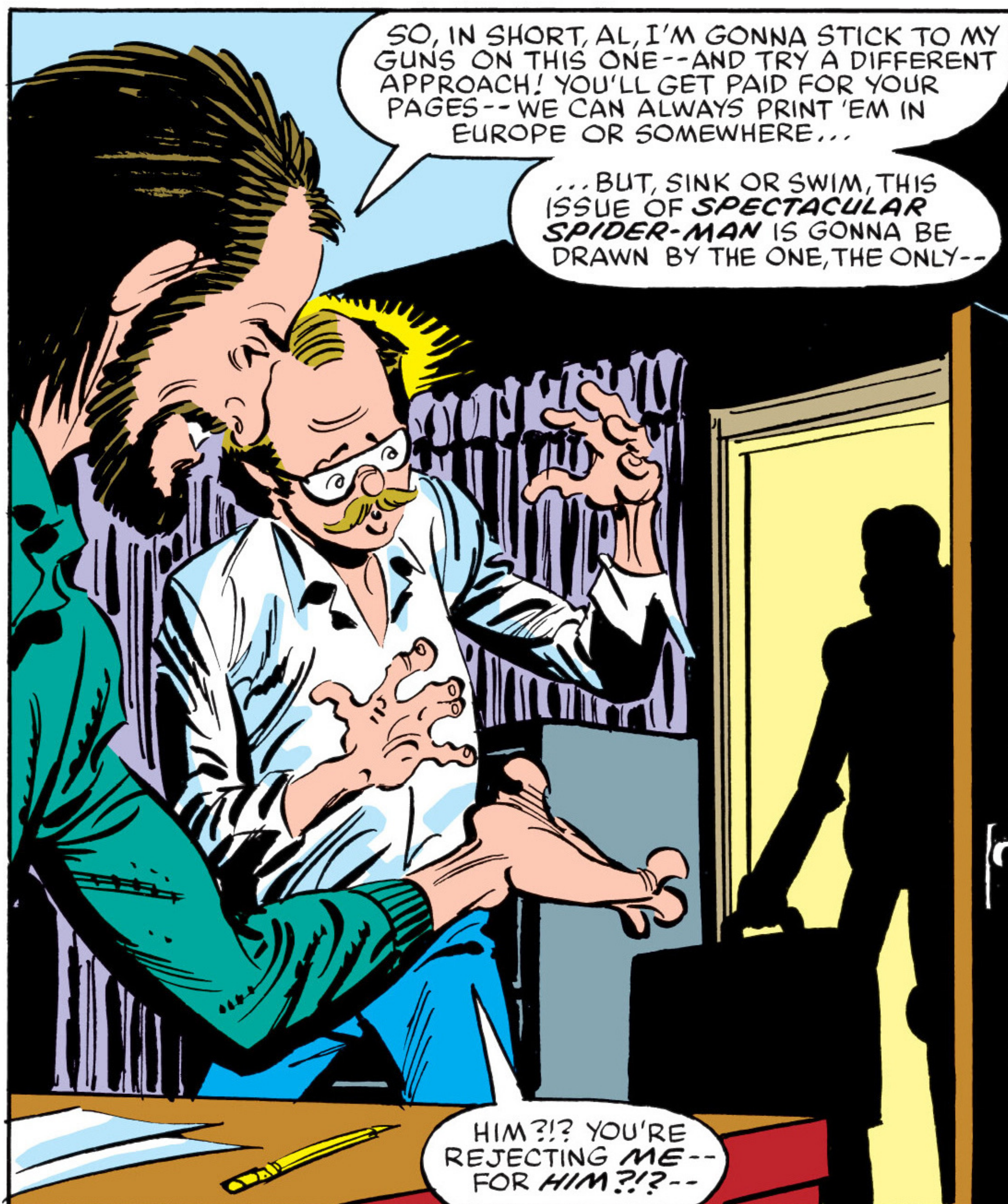
A SEETHING FIGURE STALKING DOWN THE CARPETED CORRIDORS OF THE MARVEL COMICS OFFICES AT 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH SERVES TO REMIND US THAT HELL HATH NO FURY LIKE AN EX-EDITOR WHO'S RETURNED TO FREELANCING...





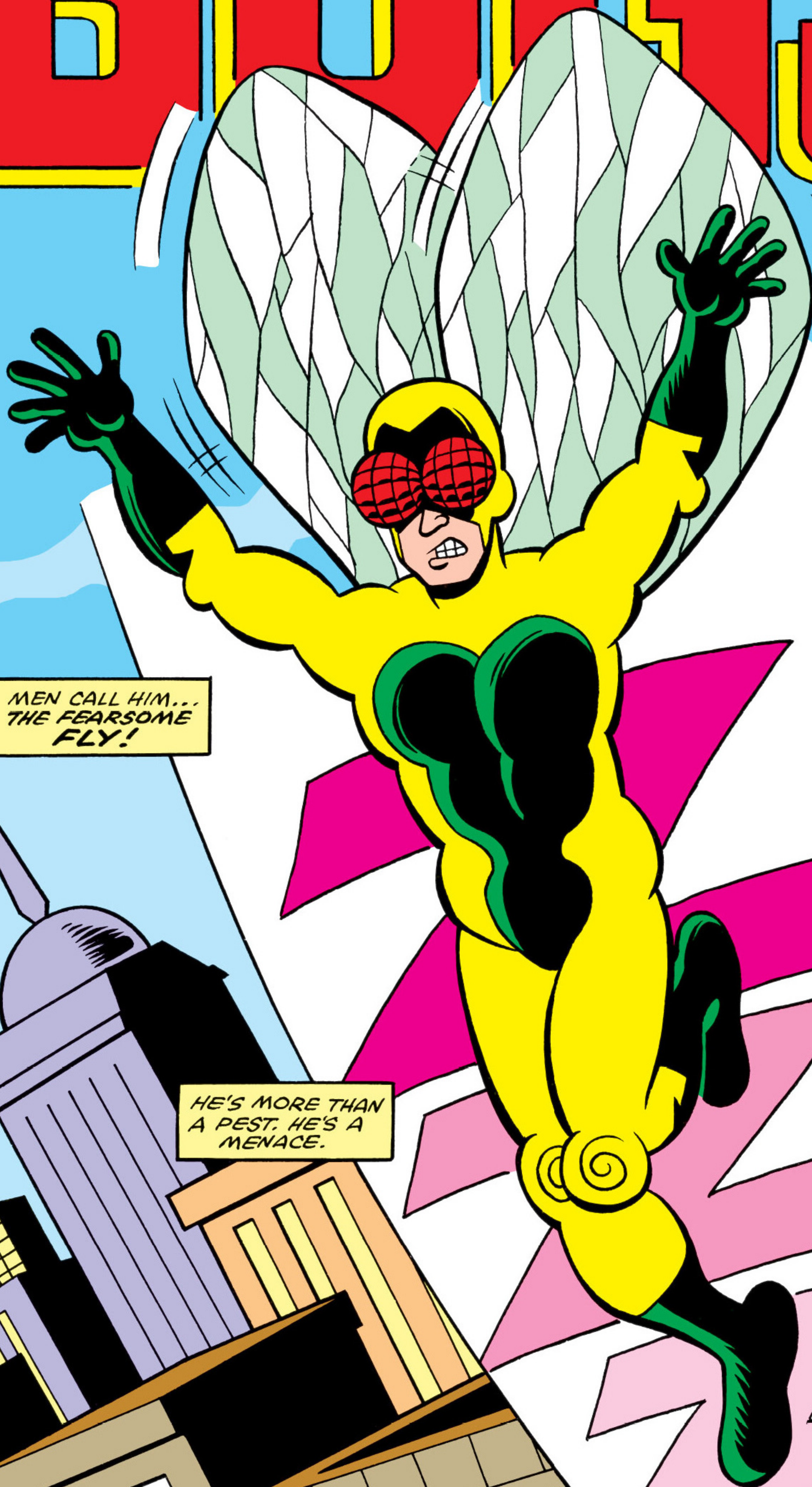






STAN
LEE
PRESENTS
A TALE
CALCULATED
TO DRIVE
YOU...

BULLIES!



MEN CALL HIM...
THE FEARSOME
FLY!

HE'S MORE THAN
A PEST. HE'S A
MENACE.

BILL
MANTLO
STORY?

AL
MILGROM
ART
PAGES 1-5, 21

FRED
HEMBECK
PENCILS
PAGES 6-20

AL
MILGROM & JIM
MOONEY
ART
PAGES 22-23

JOE
ALBELO
INKS
PAGES 6-20

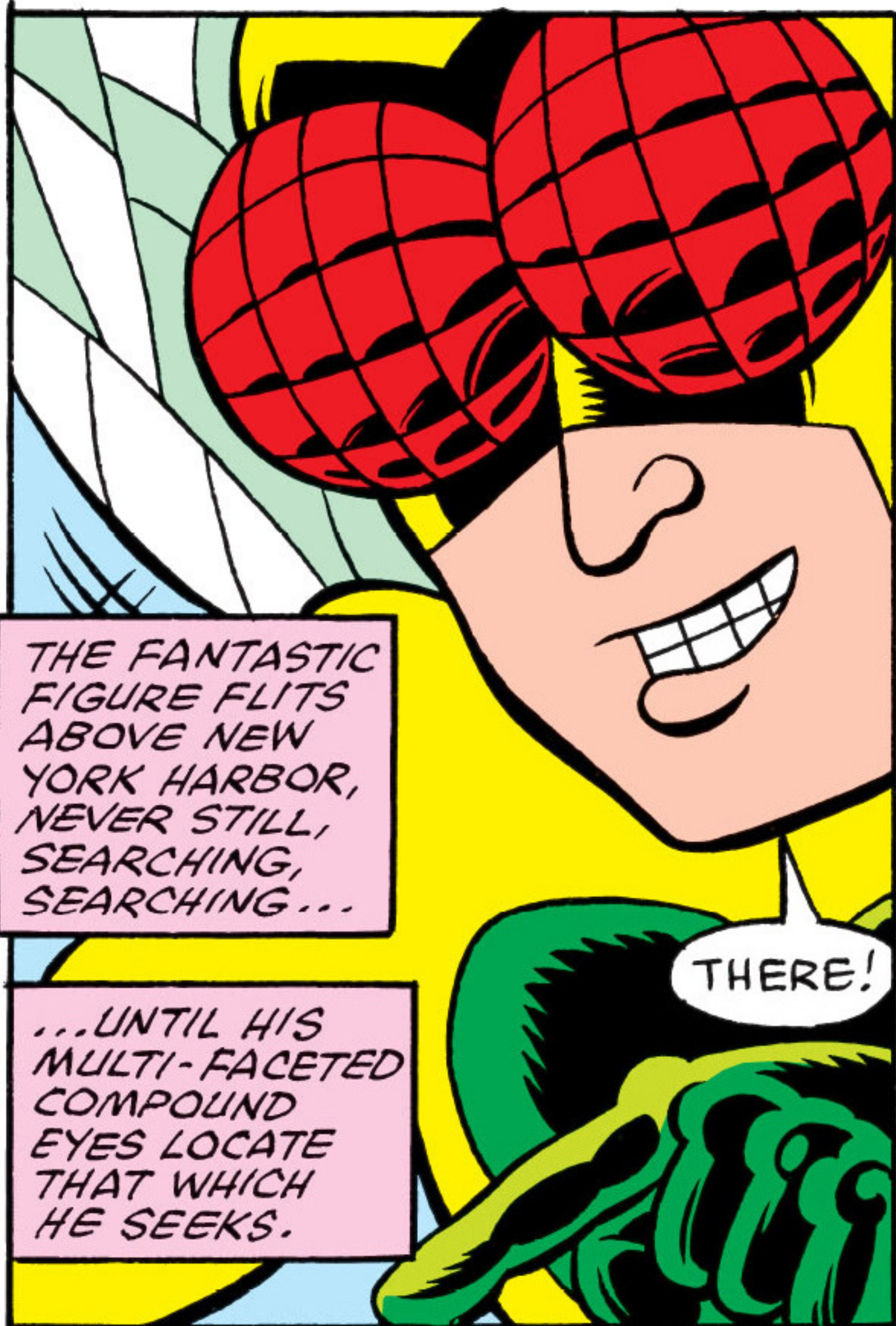
JOE
ROSEN
LETTERER

BOB
SHAREN
COLORIST

DANNY
FINGEROTH
INNOCENT OF
ALL CHARGES

JIM
SHOOTER
CONVENTION-
EERING CHIEF

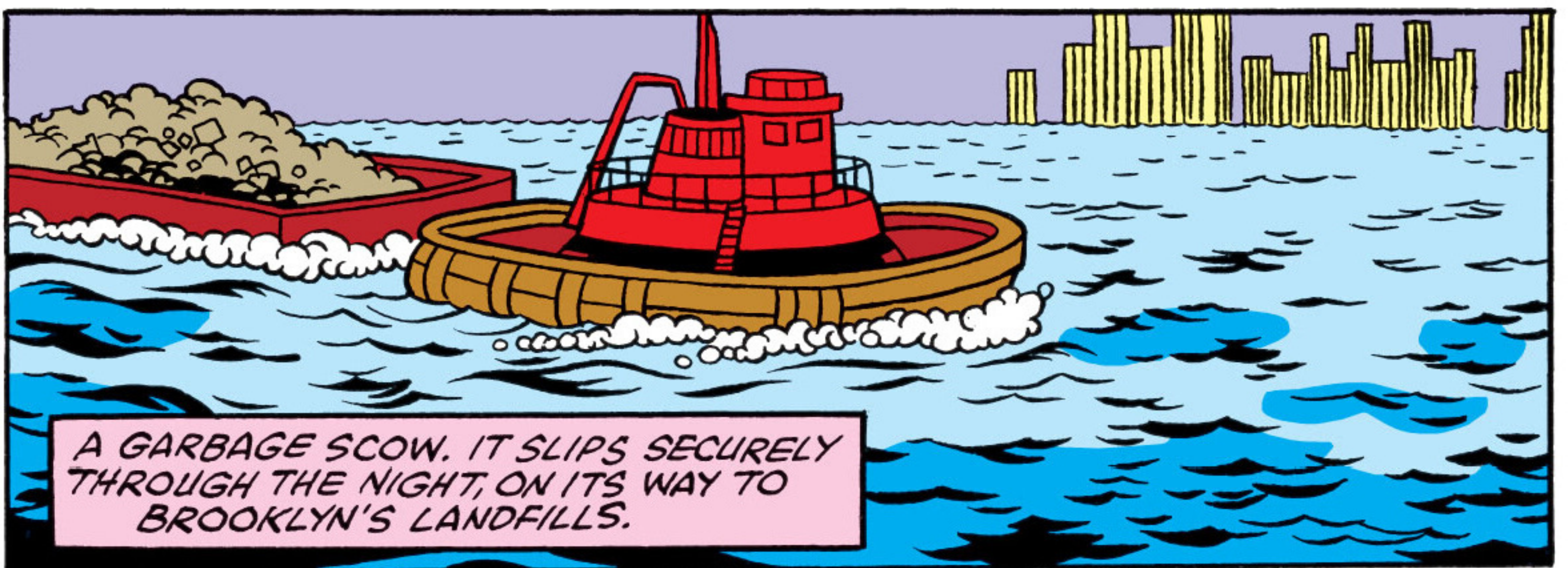
A BOB DENATALE PRODUCTION!



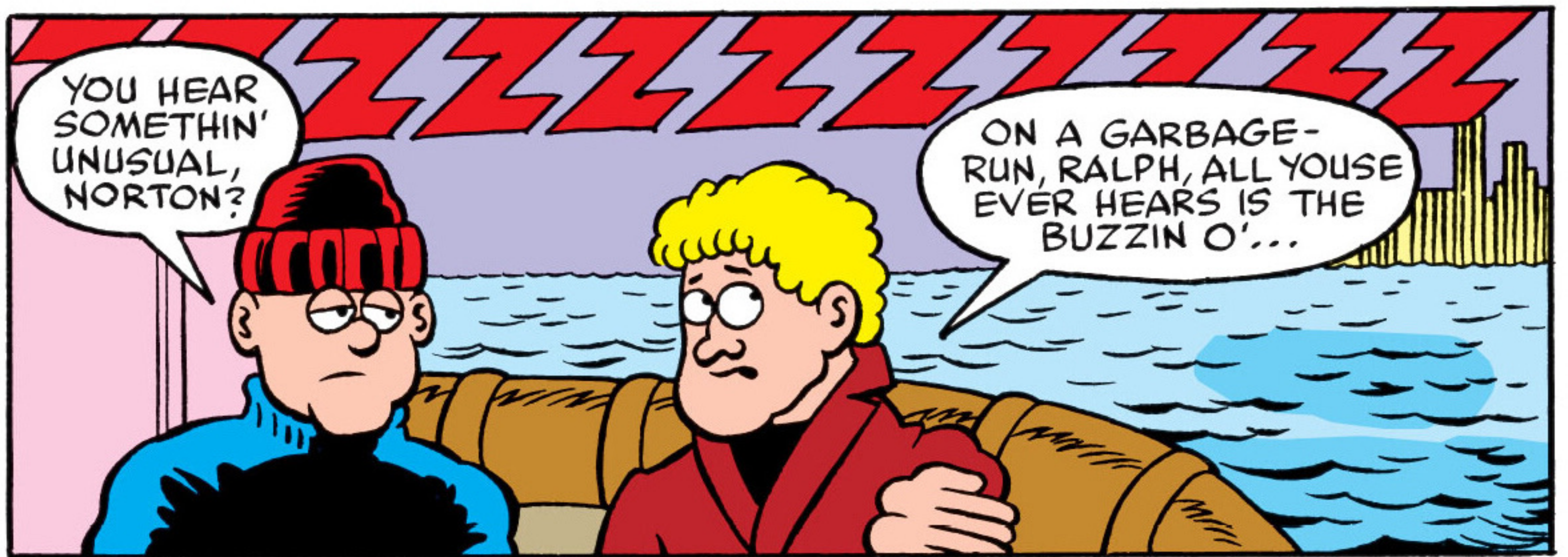
THE FANTASTIC FIGURE FLITS ABOVE NEW YORK HARBOR, NEVER STILL, SEARCHING, SEARCHING...

...UNTIL HIS MULTI-FACETED COMPOUND EYES LOCATE THAT WHICH HE SEEKS.

THERE!



A GARBAGE SCOW. IT SLIPS SECURELY THROUGH THE NIGHT, ON ITS WAY TO BROOKLYN'S LANDFILLS.



YOU HEAR SOMETHIN' UNUSUAL, NORTON?

ON A GARBAGE-RUN, RALPH, ALL YOUSE EVER HEARS IS THE BUZZIN O'...

...FLIES!!!

HE STRIKES FROM THE SKIES, SWIFTLY, SUDDENLY...

BUT, THEN, WHO COULD POSSIBLY ANTICIPATE THAT ANYONE WOULD TRY TO HIJACK...GARBAGE?!

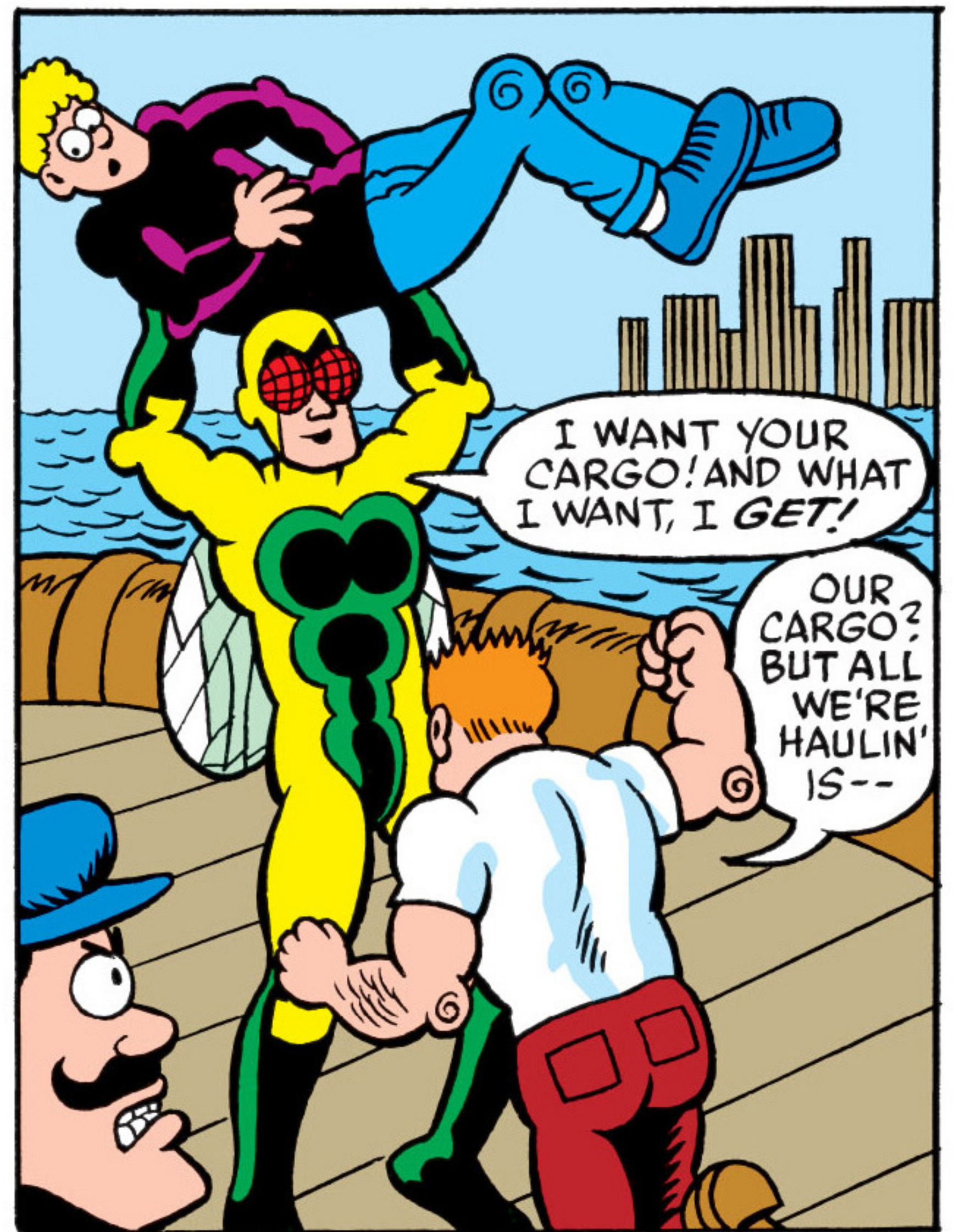
ACH DU LIEBER!*

ZOOT ALORS!*

QUE PASA?*

GET 'IM!

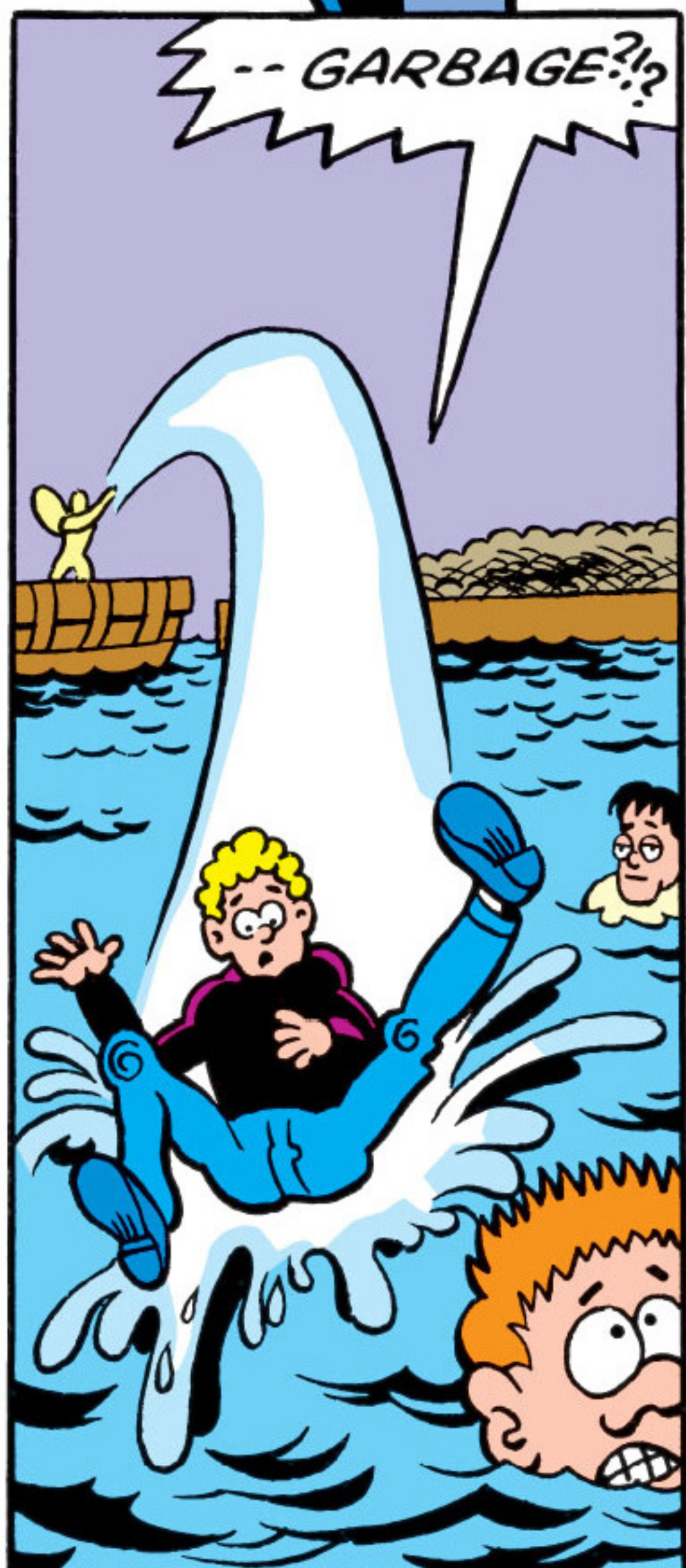
*WELL, NEW YORK IS A MELTING POT--BOB.



I WANT YOUR CARGO! AND WHAT I WANT, I GET!

OUR CARGO? BUT ALL WE'RE HAULIN' IS--

...UNEXPECTEDLY!

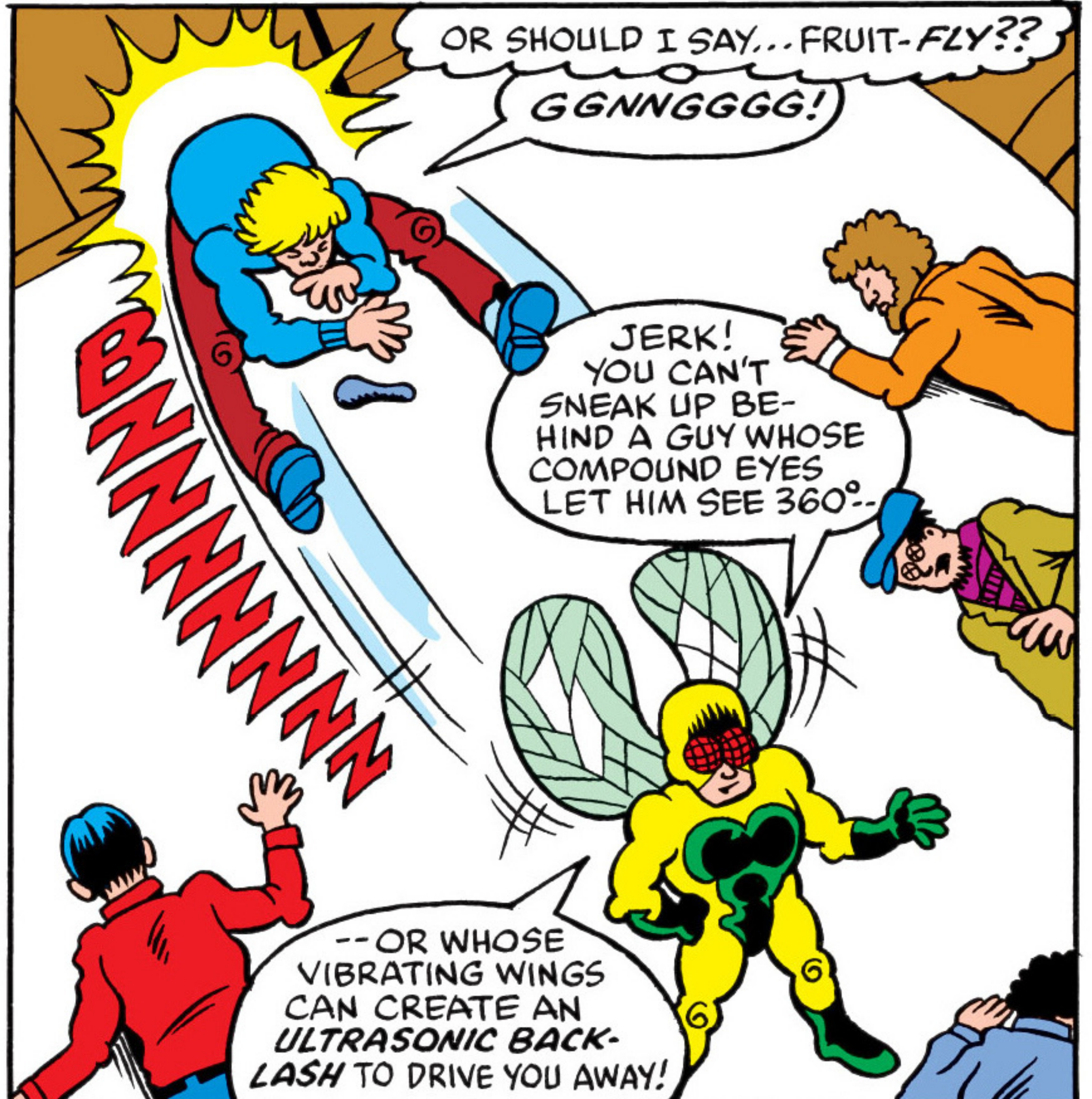


-- GARBAGE???



EXACTLY!

OH, GEEZ! WE'VE GOT US A REAL FRUITCAKE HERE!

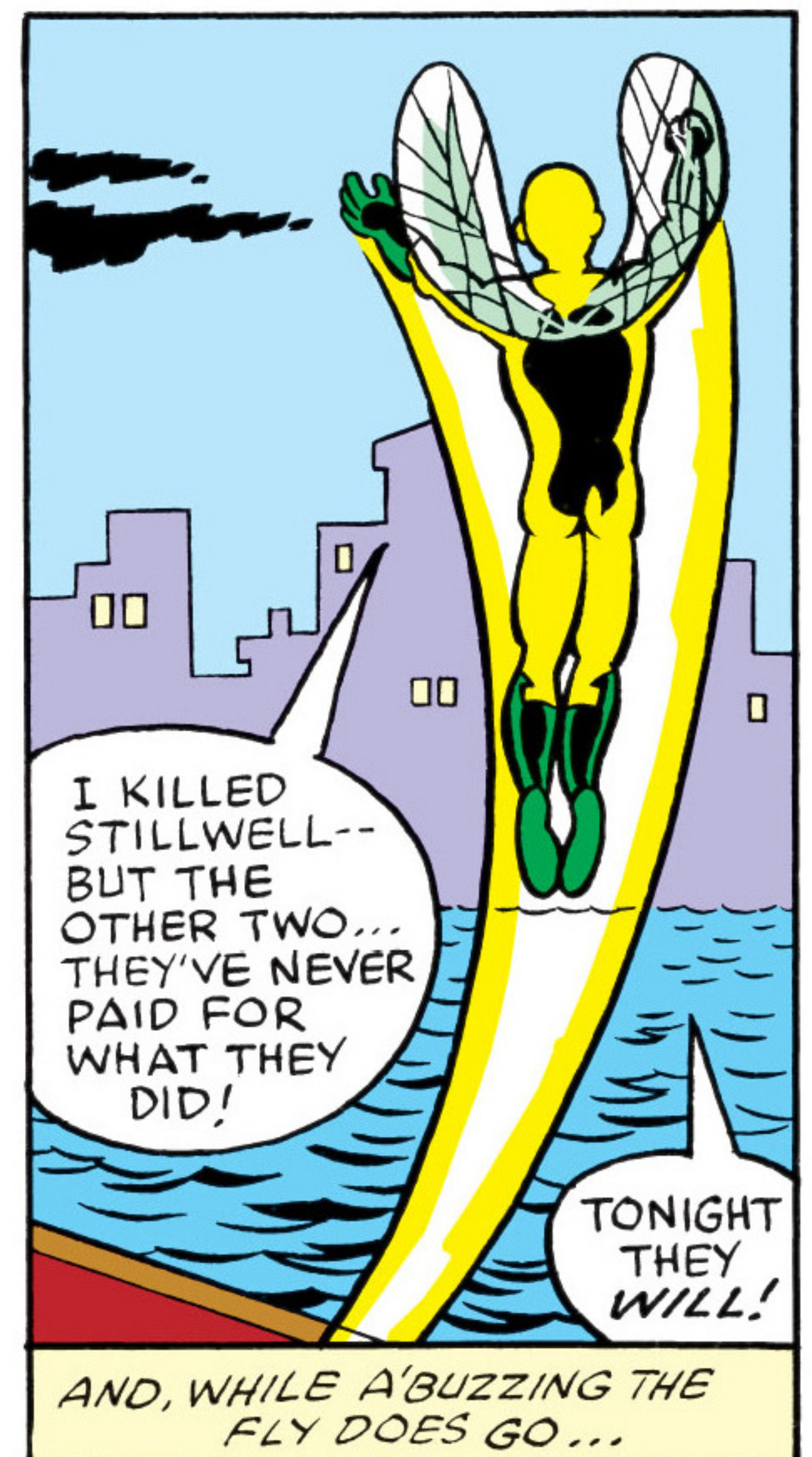
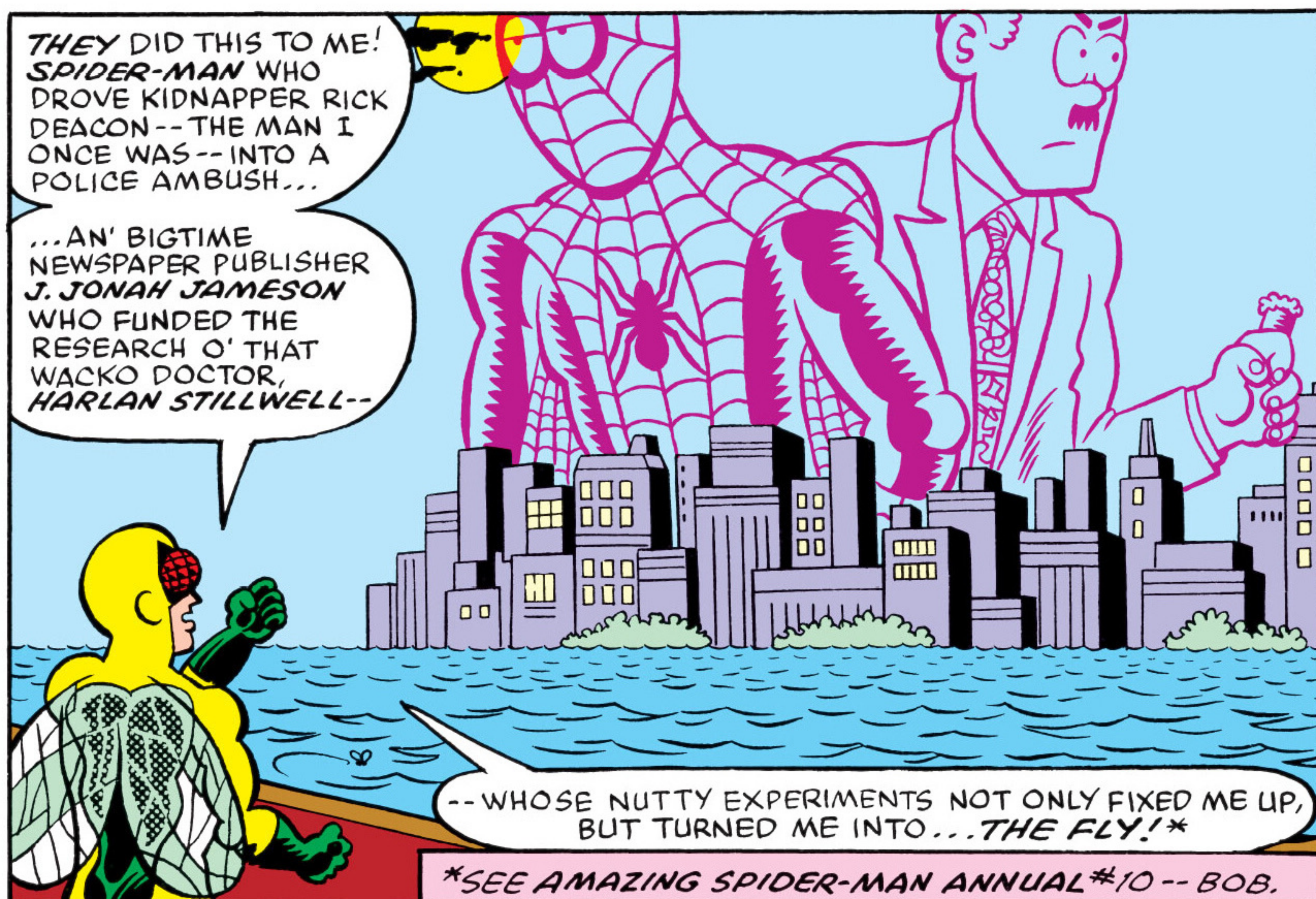
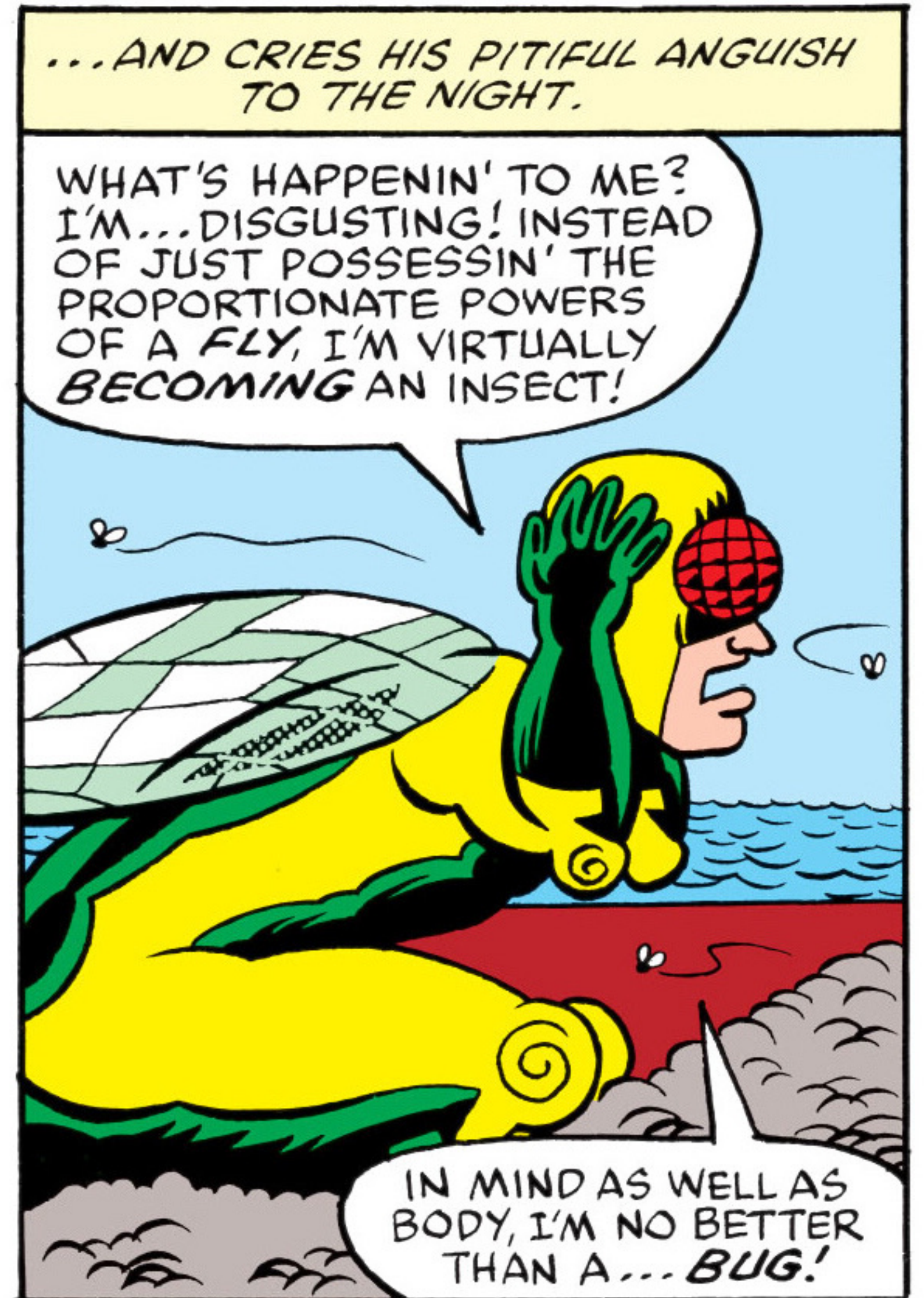
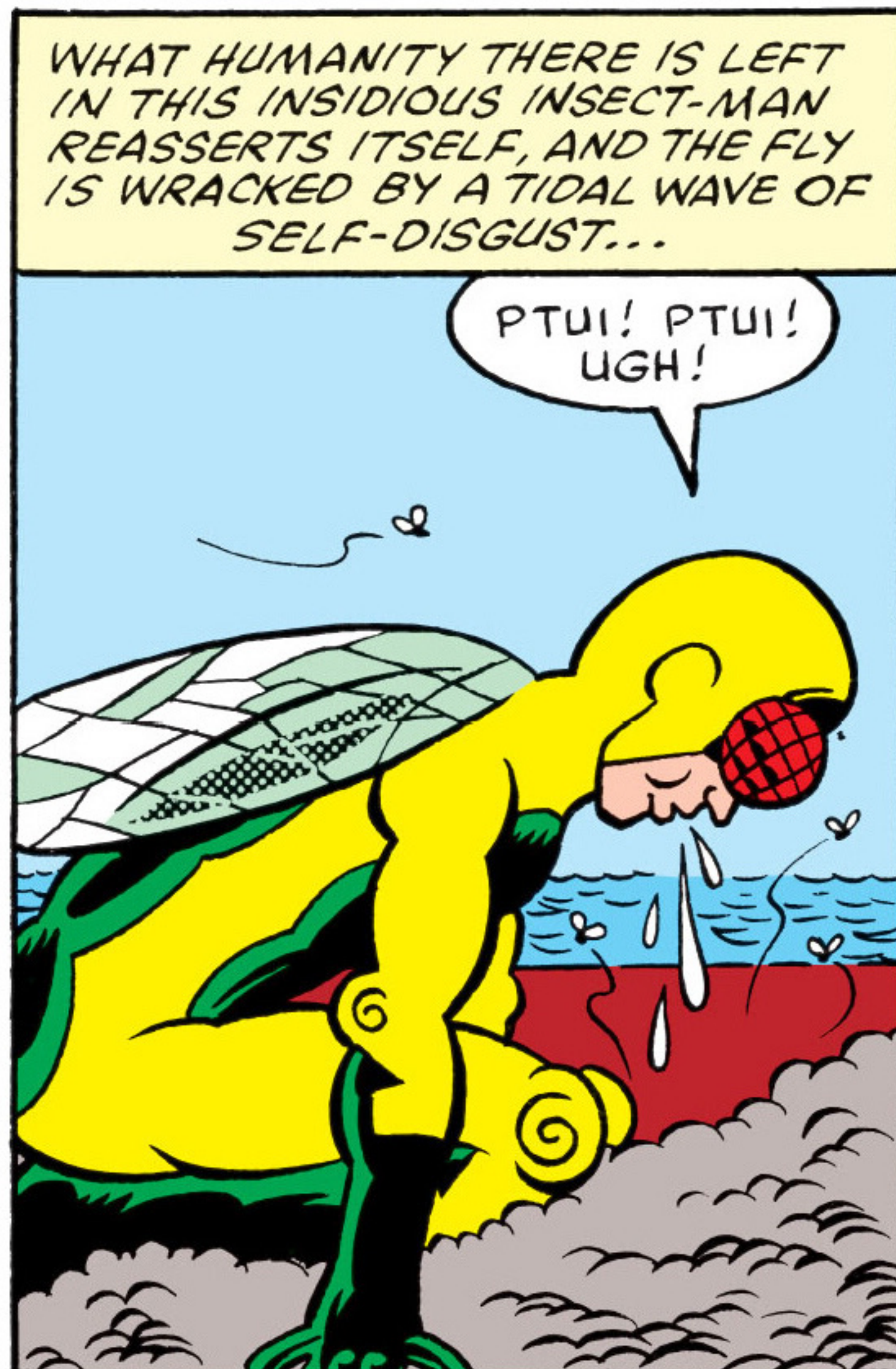
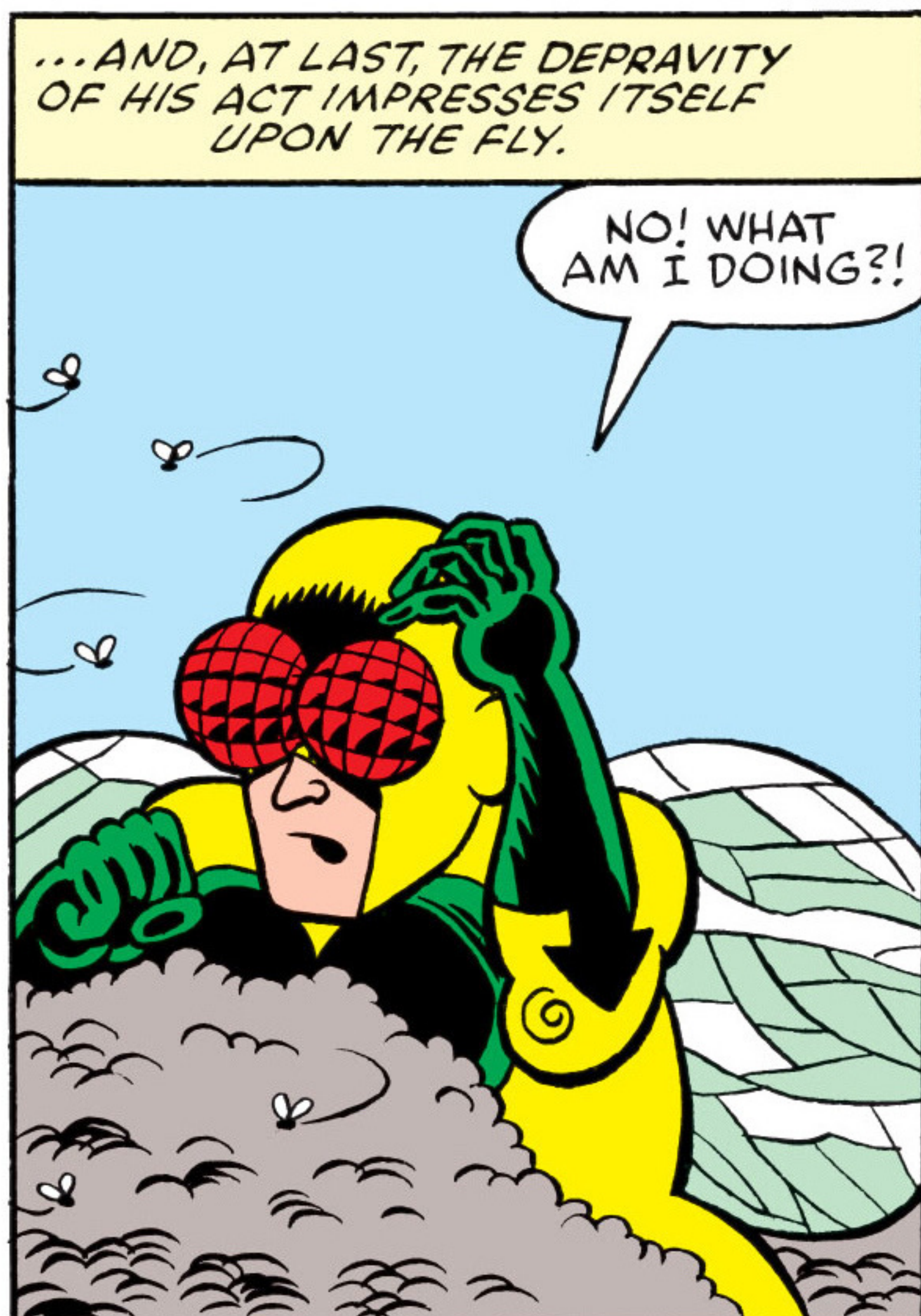
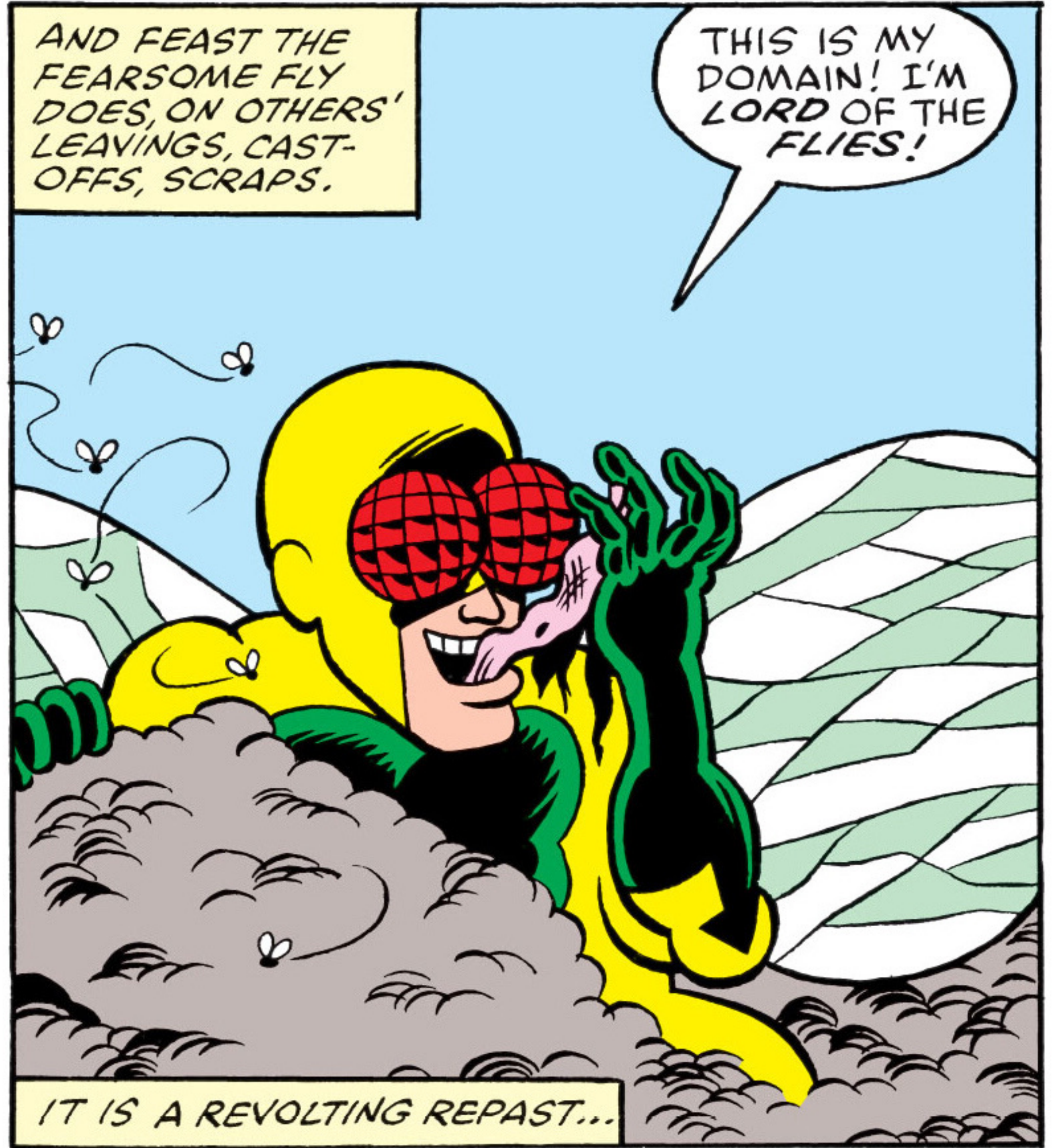
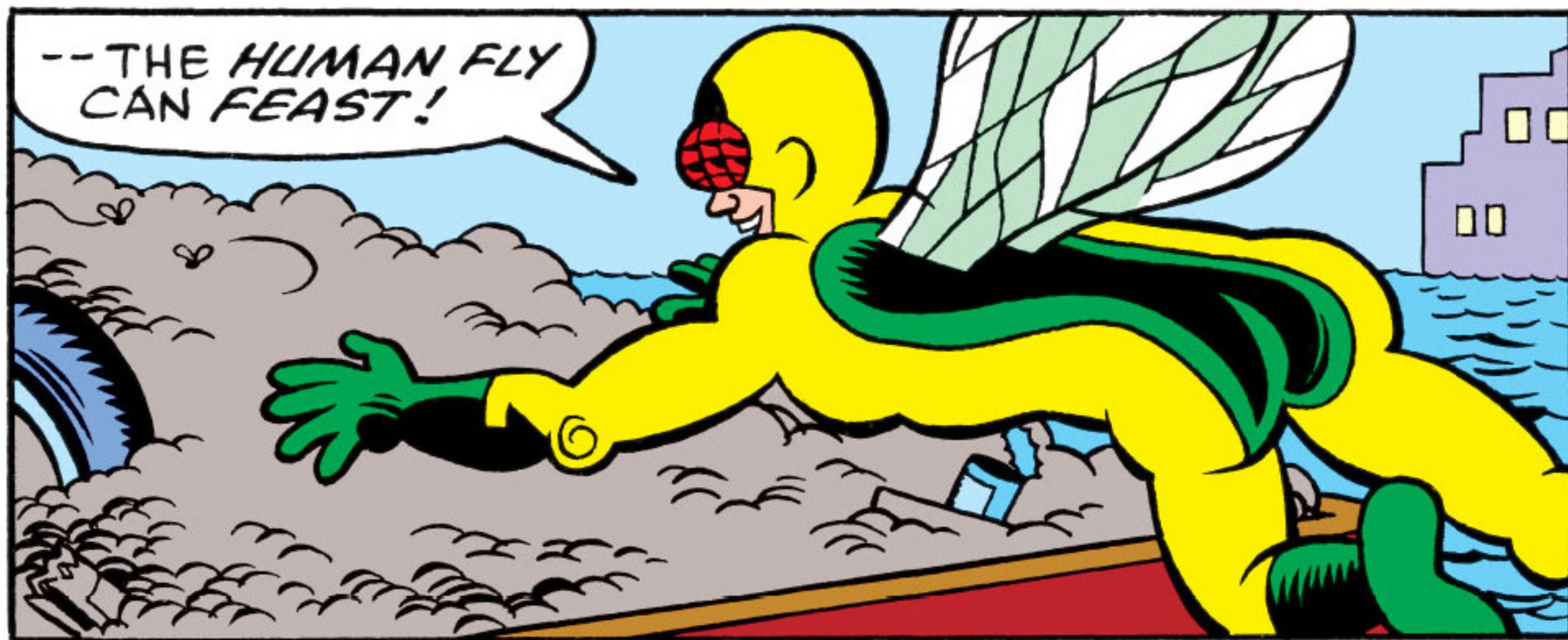


OR SHOULD I SAY... FRUIT-FLY???

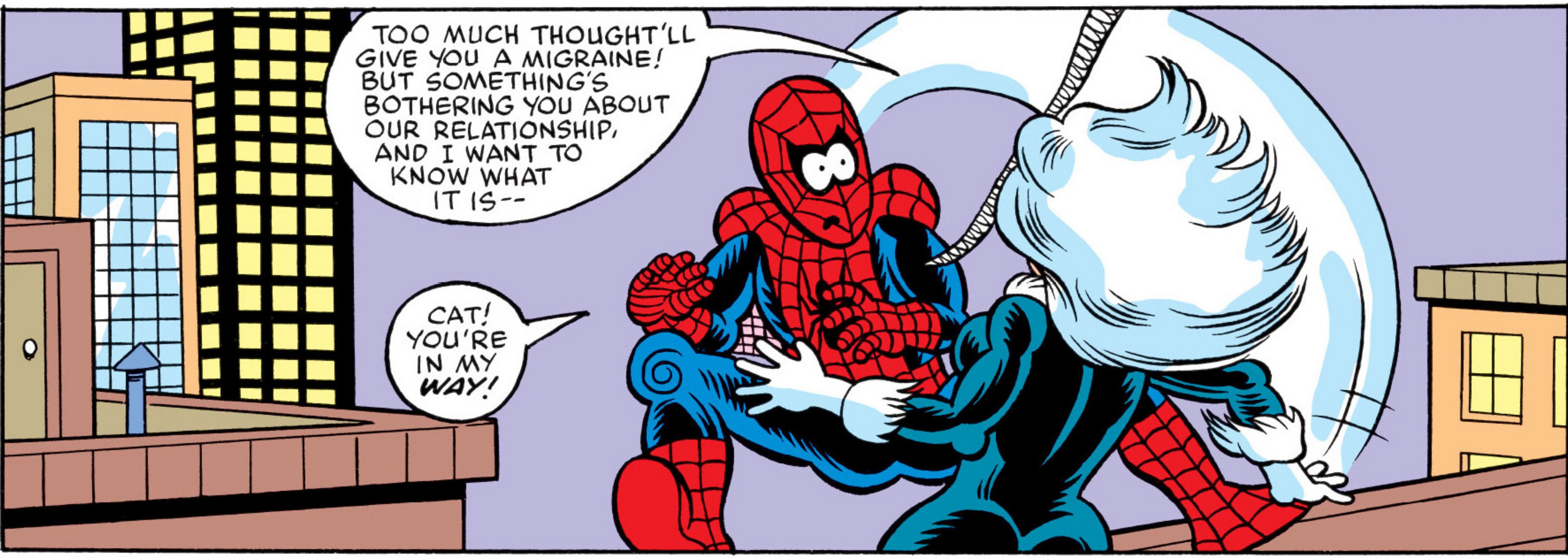
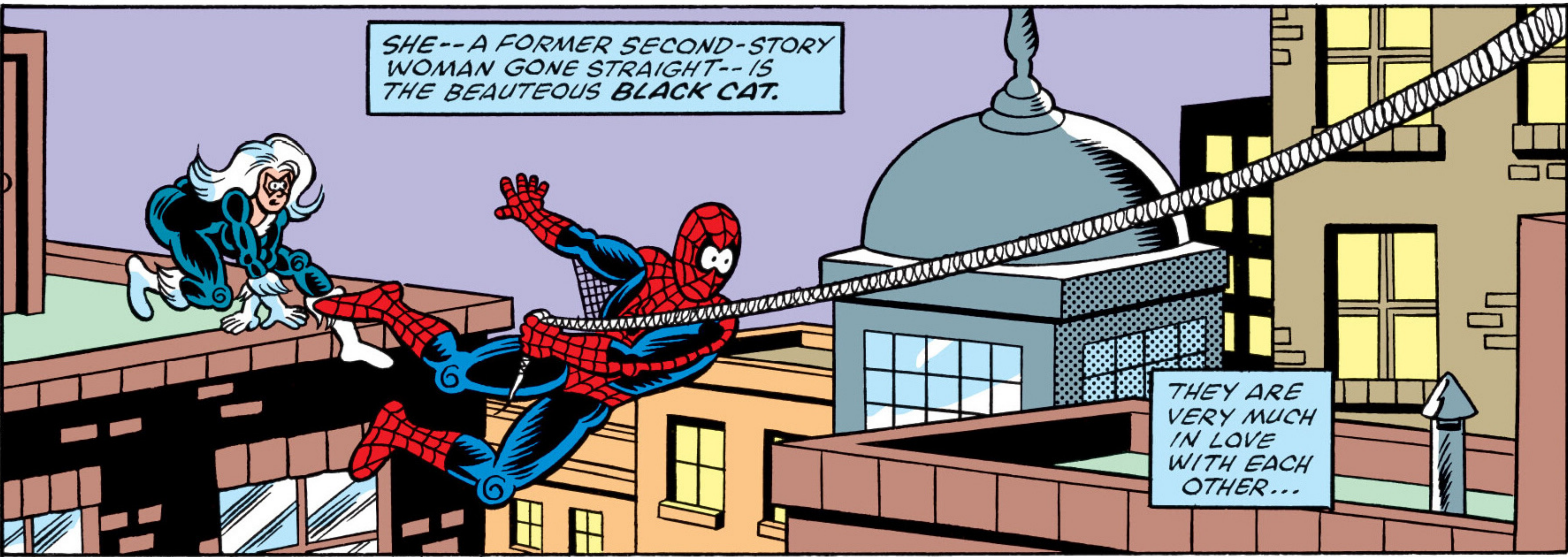
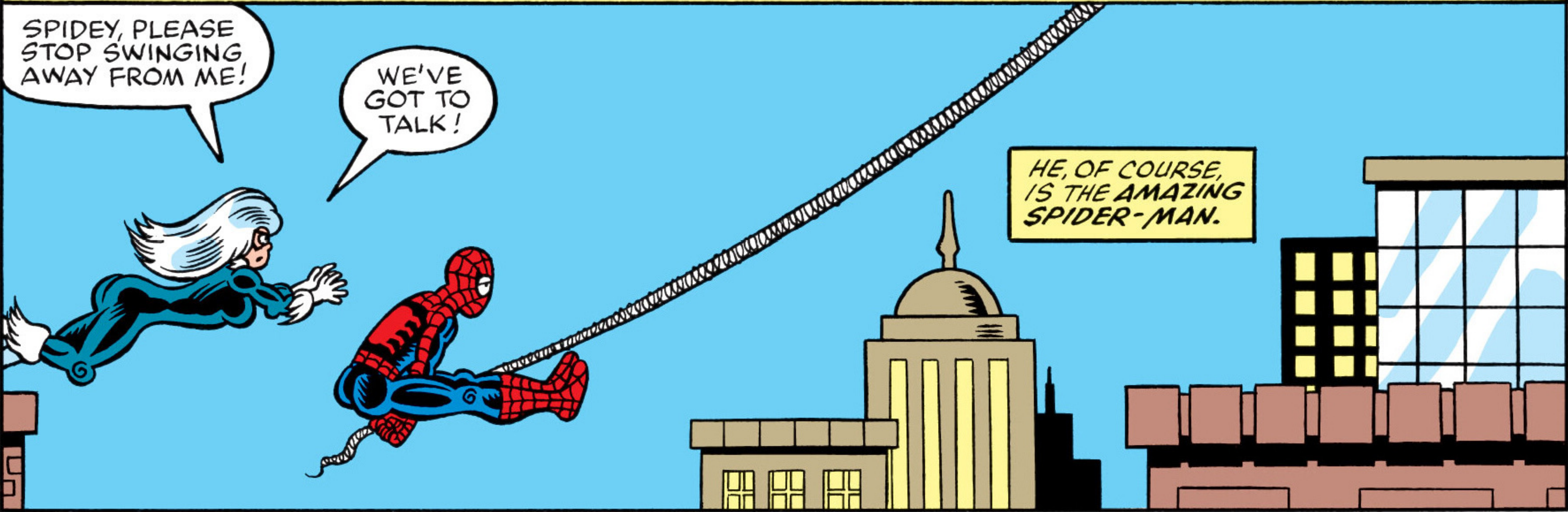
GGNNGGGG!

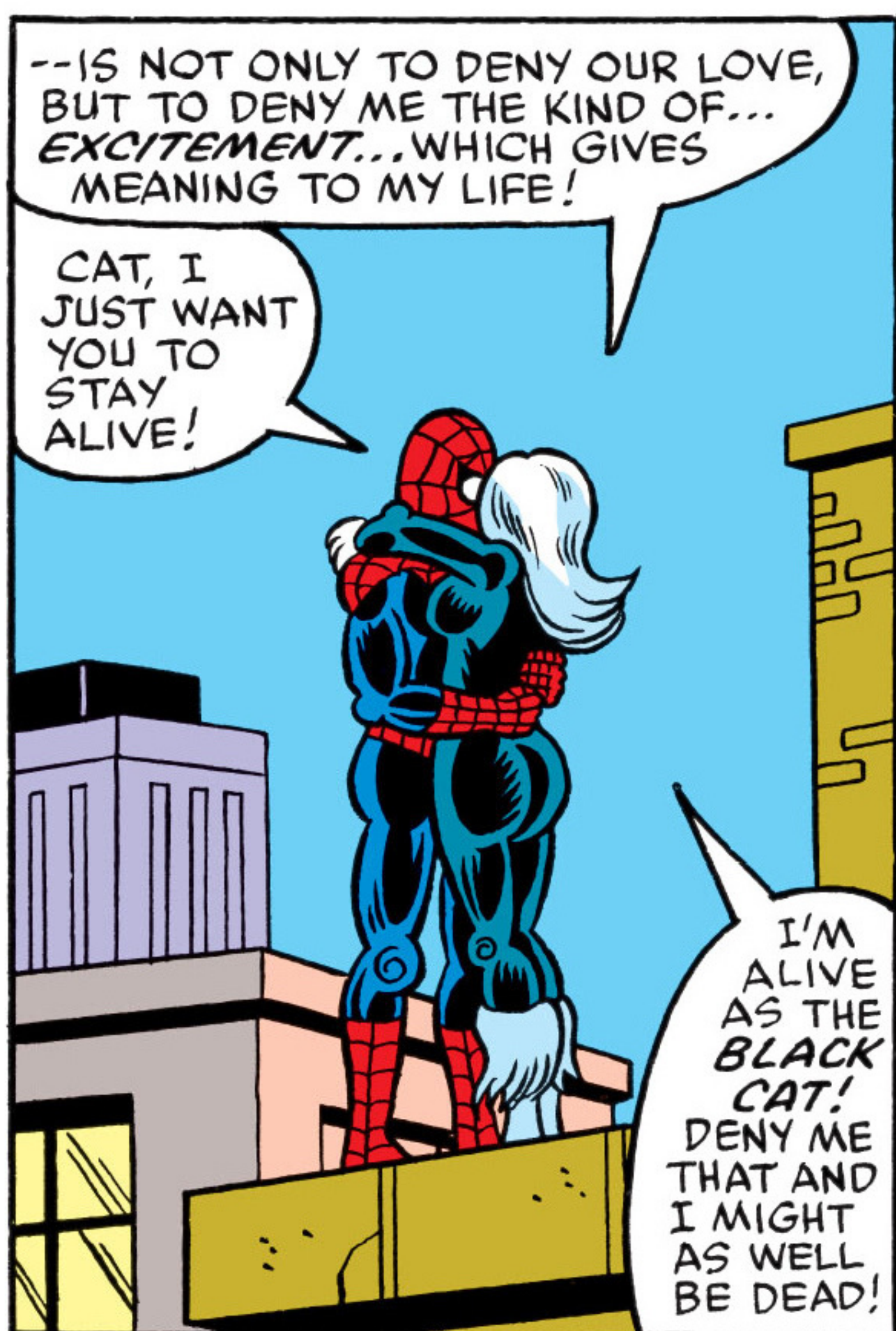
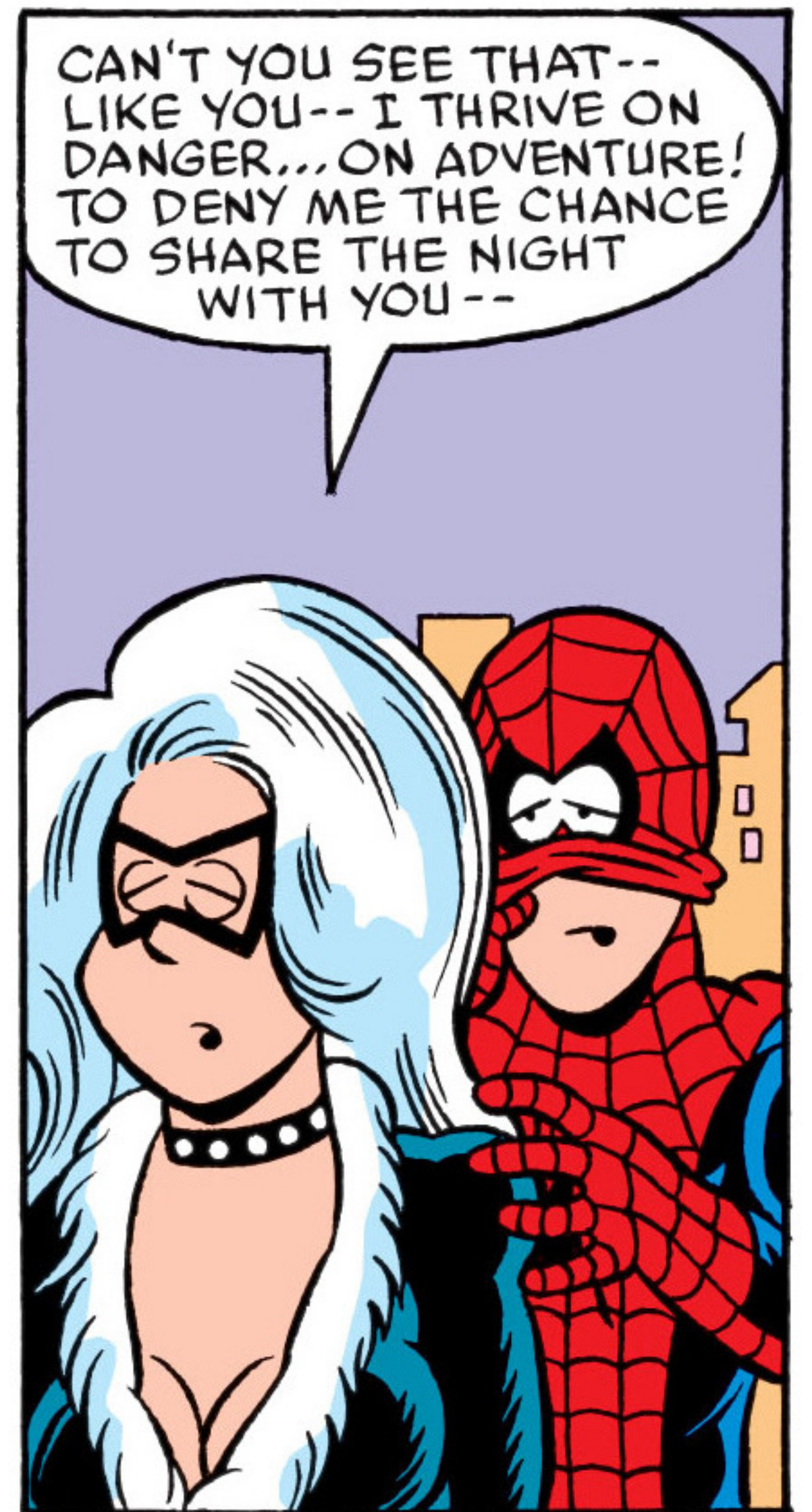
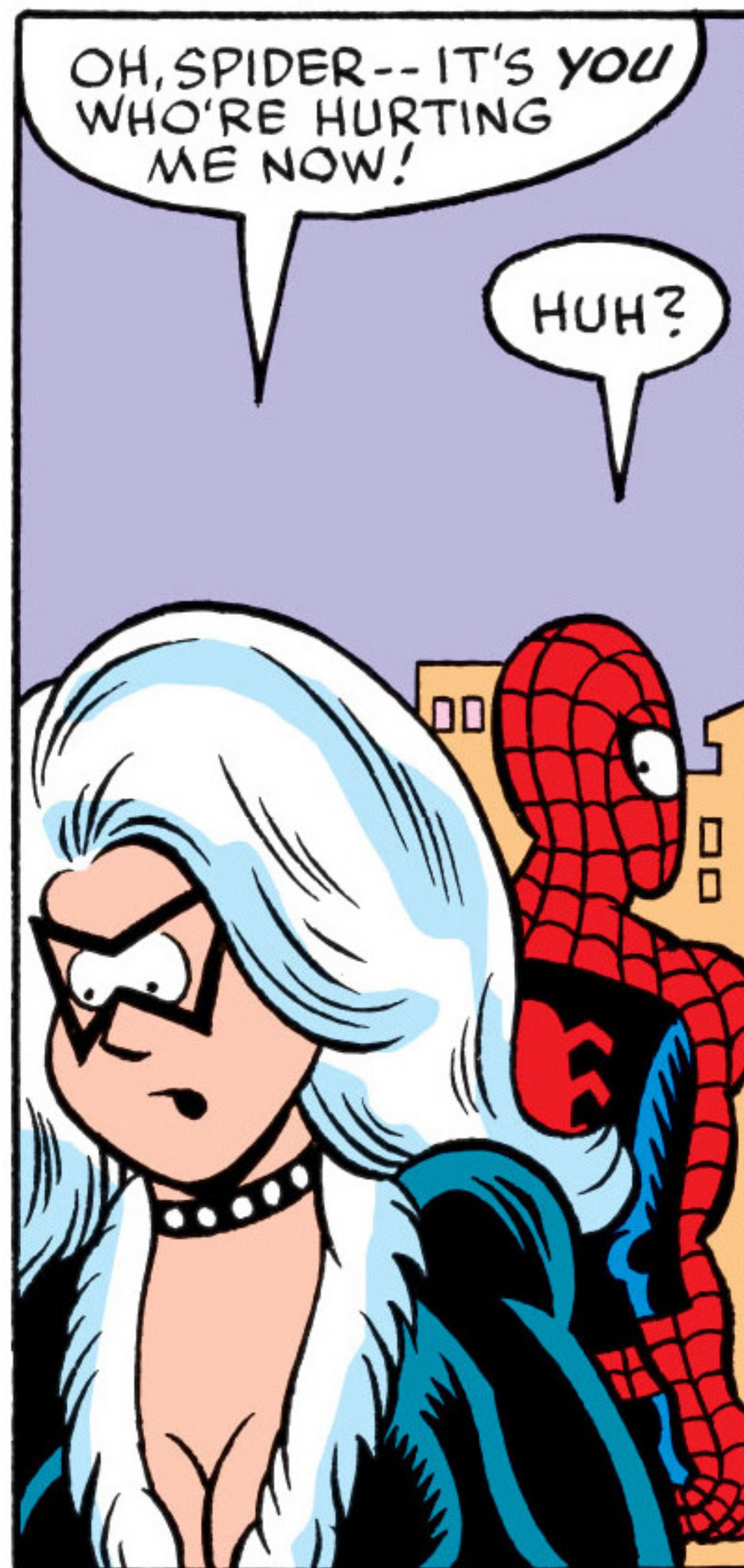
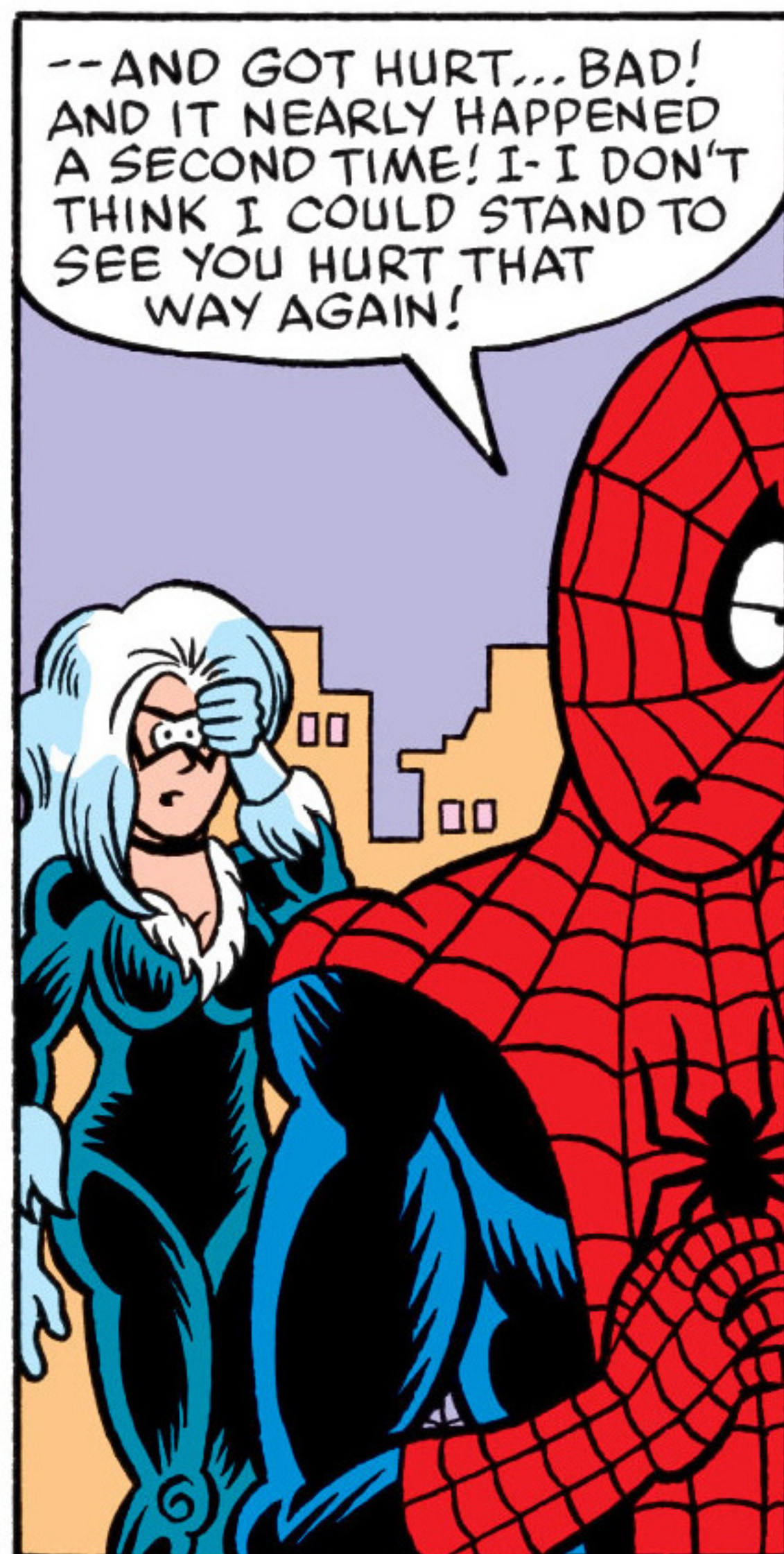
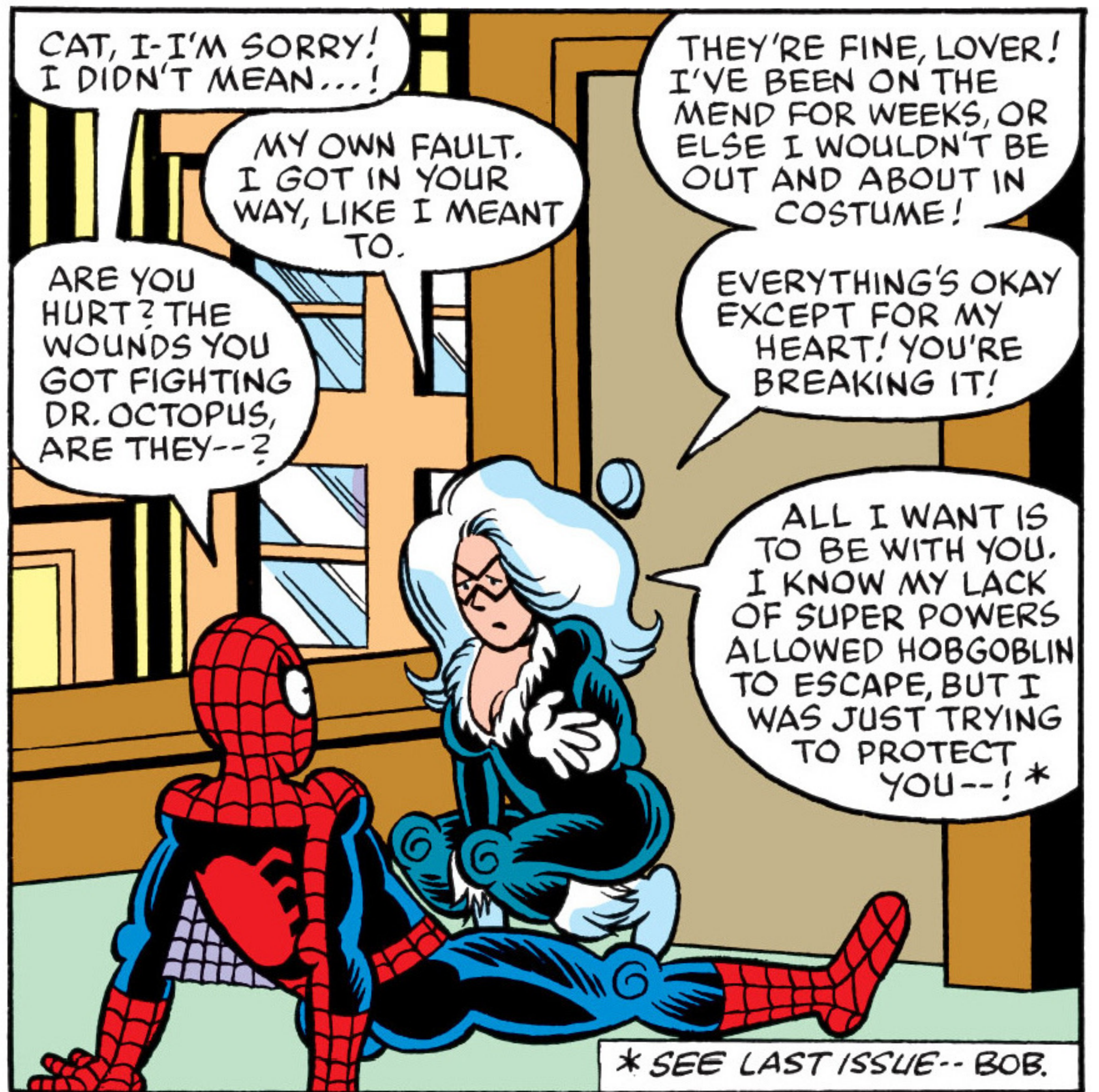
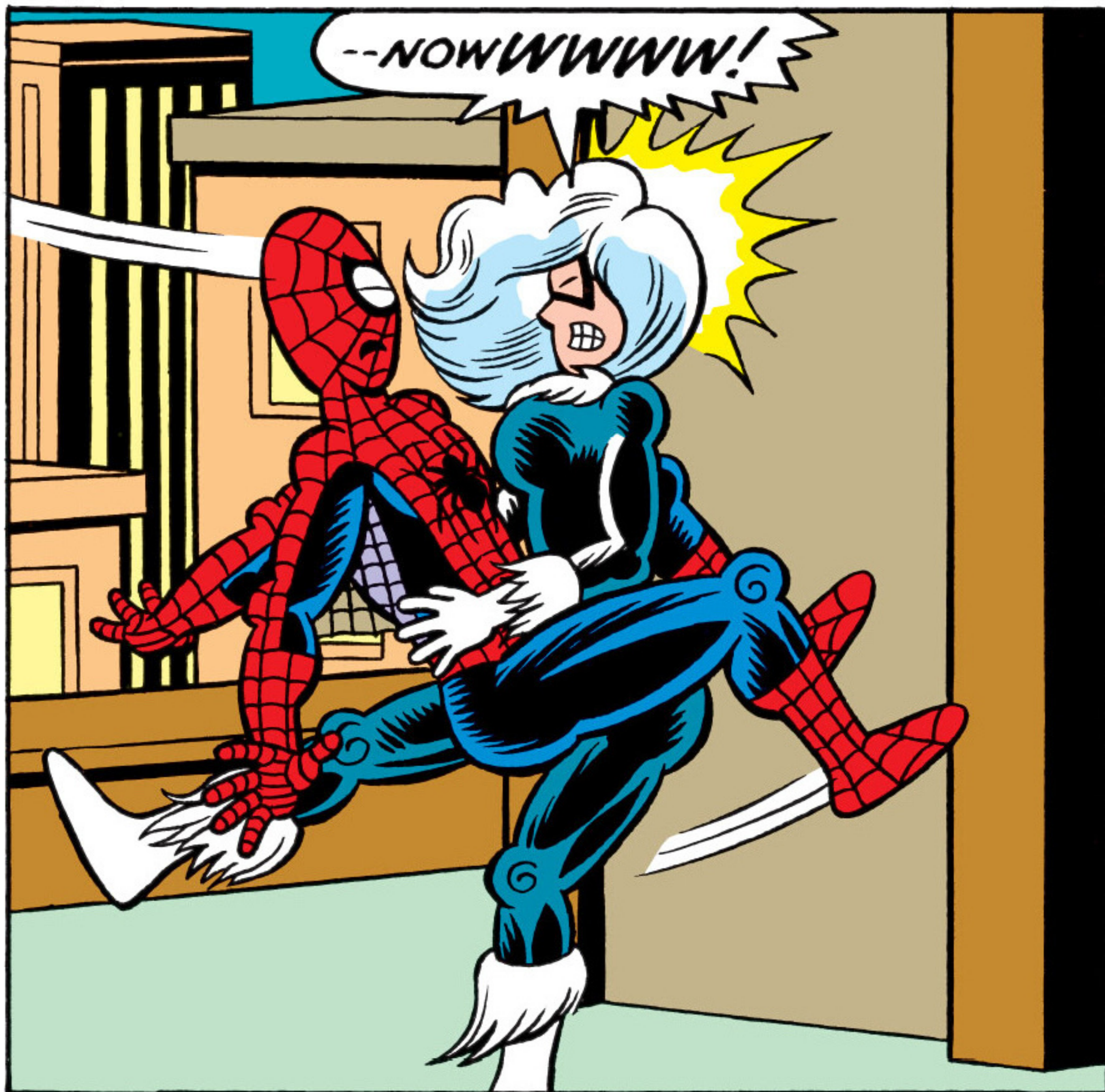
JERK! YOU CAN'T SNEAK UP BEHIND A GUY WHOSE COMPOUND EYES LET HIM SEE 360°--

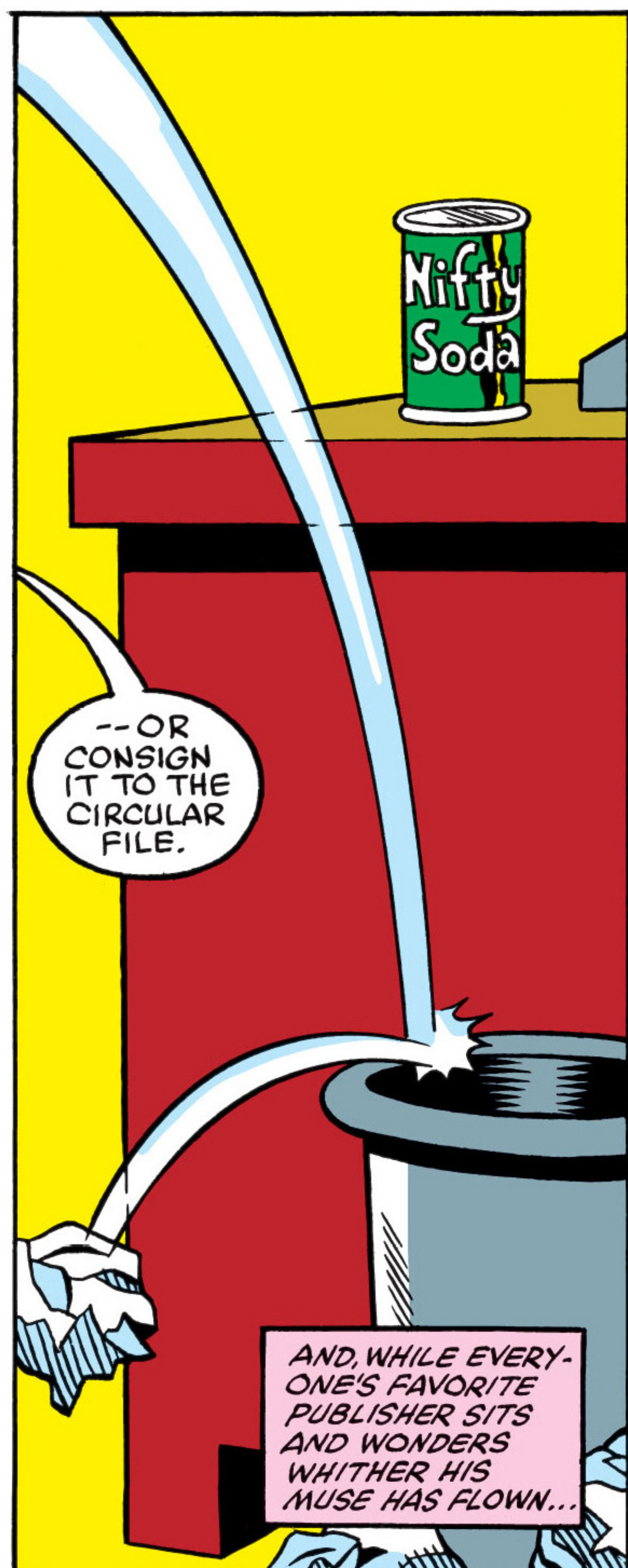
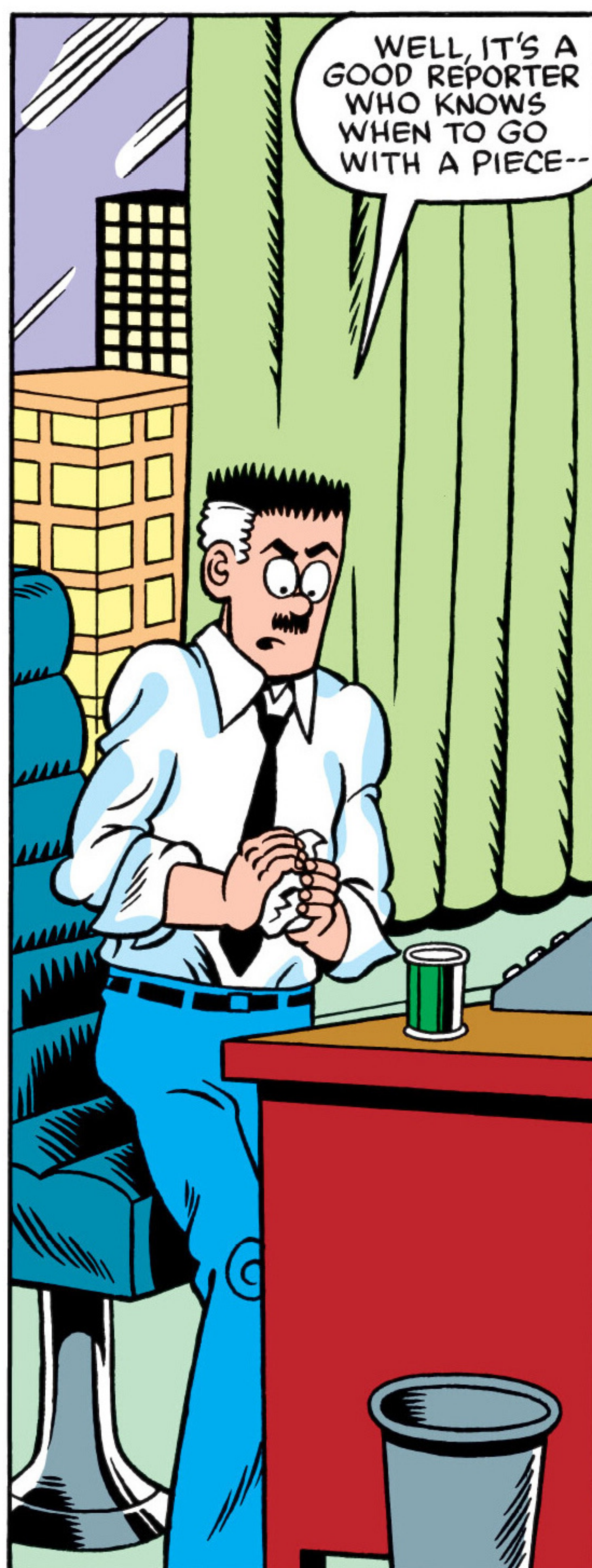
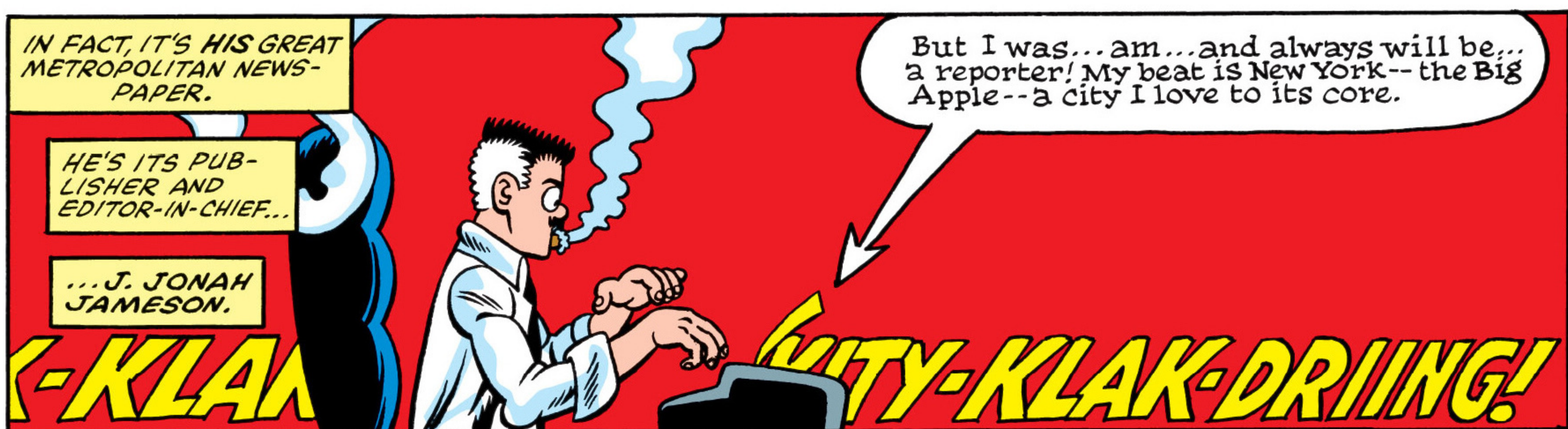
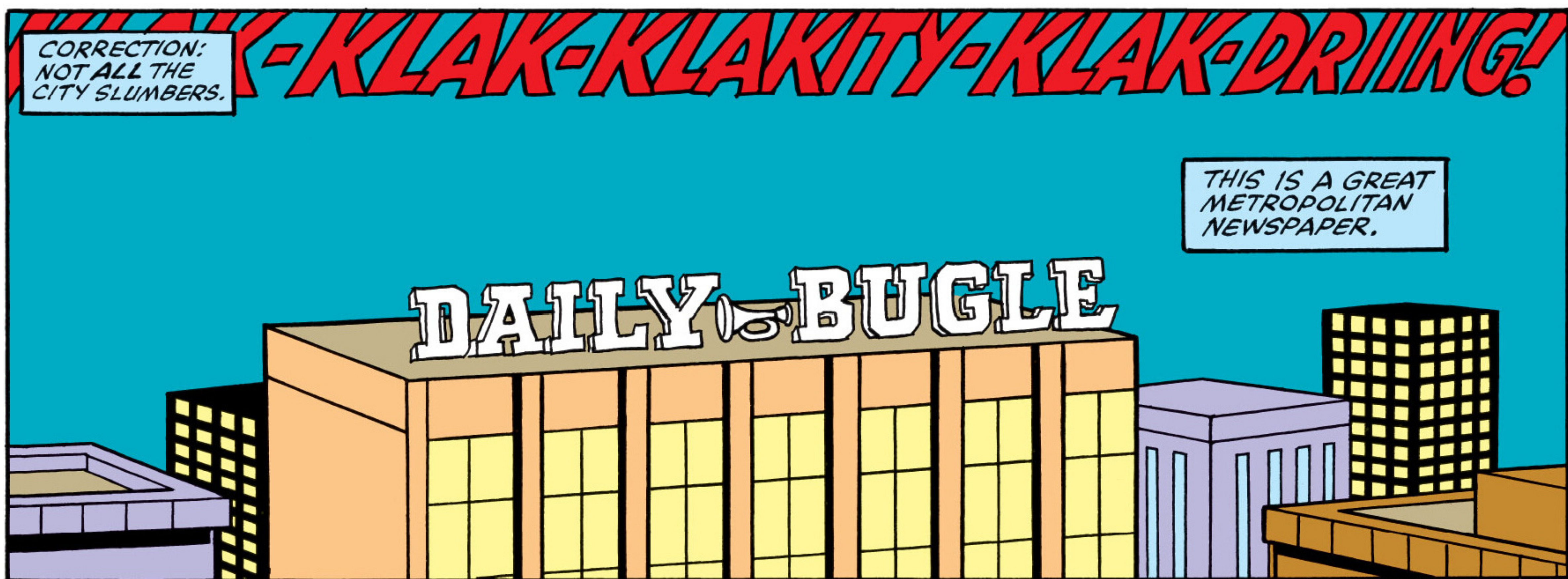
--OR WHOSE VIBRATING WINGS CAN CREATE AN ULTRASONIC BACK-LASH TO DRIVE YOU AWAY!

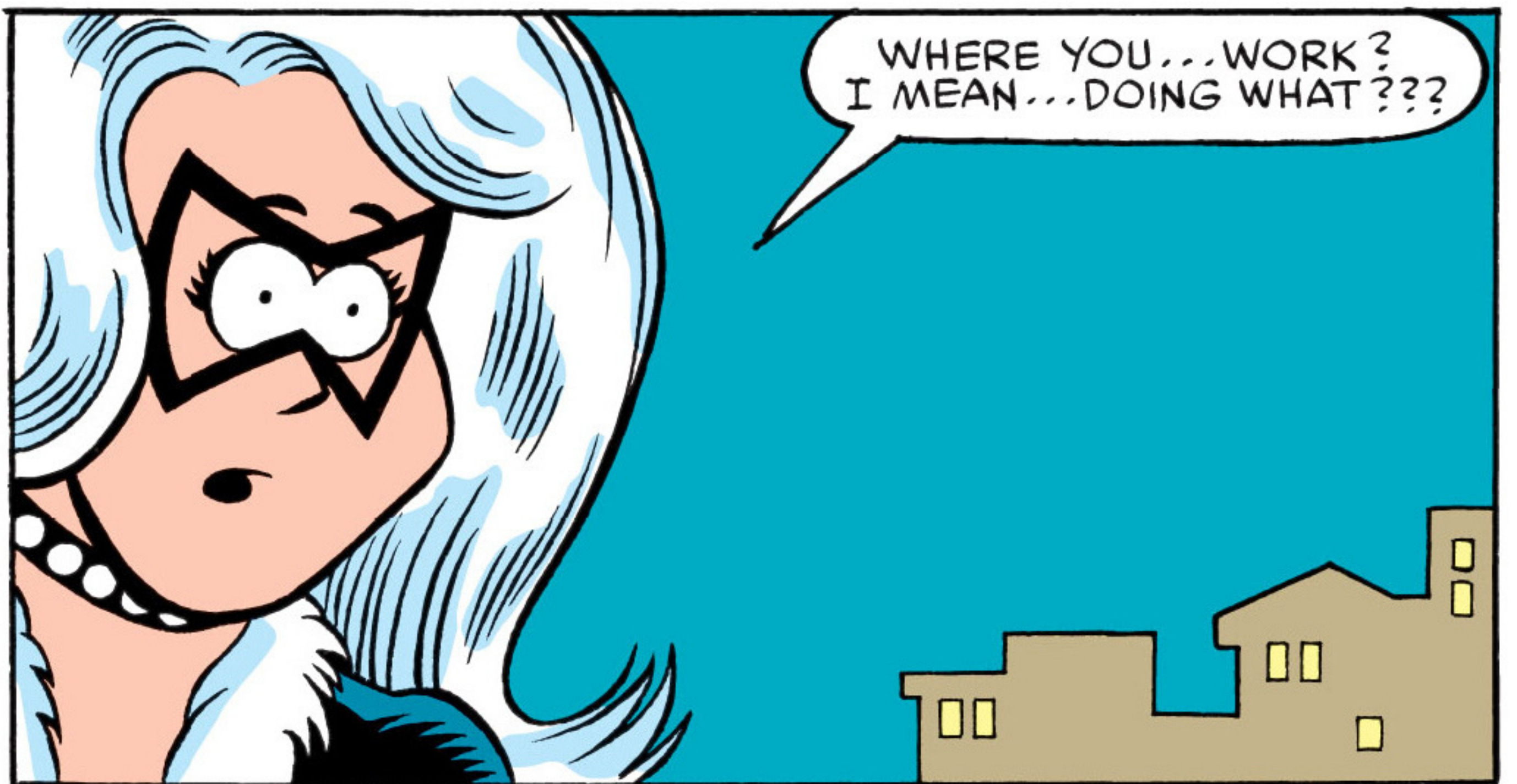
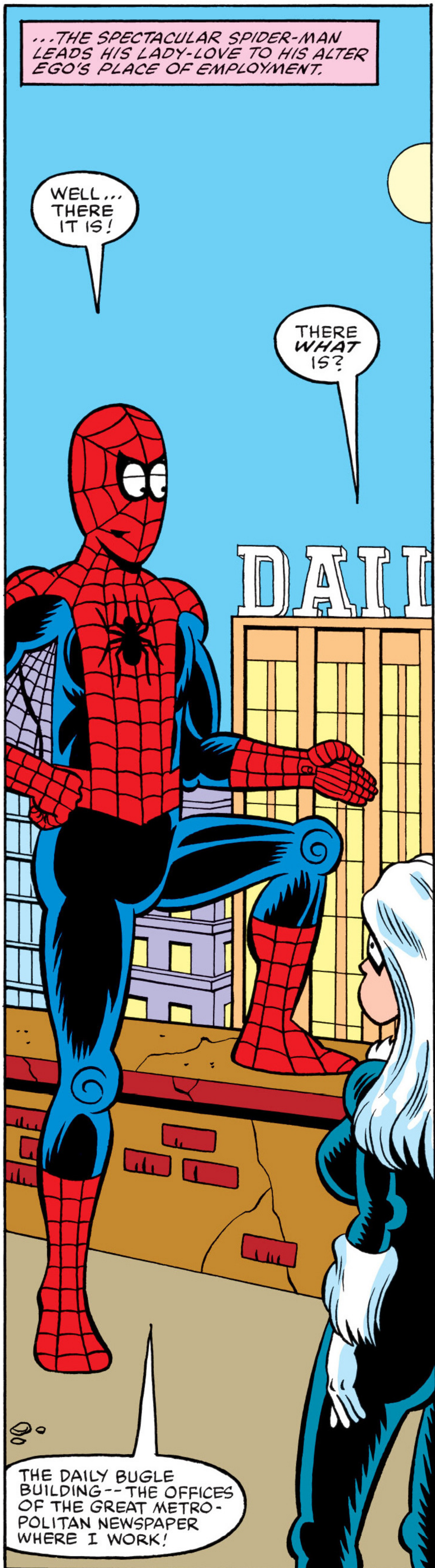


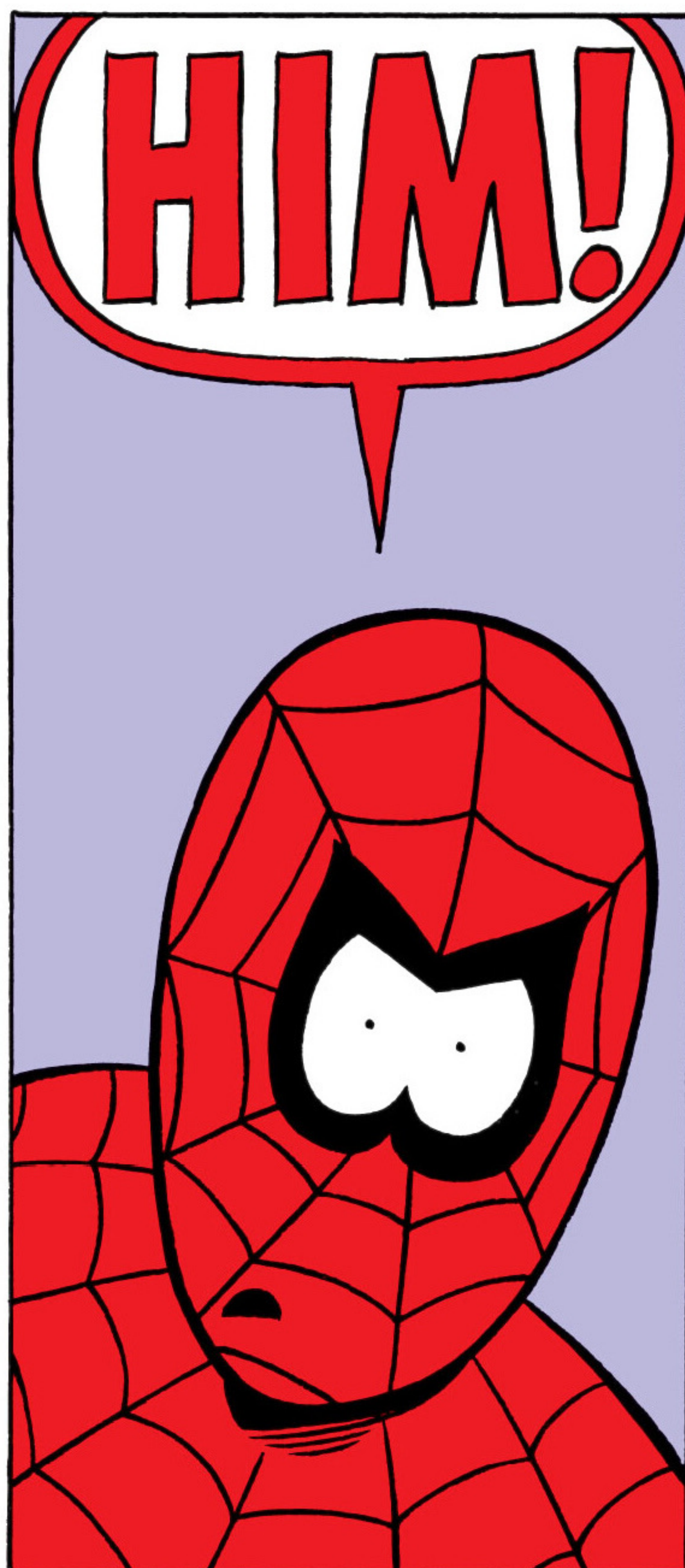
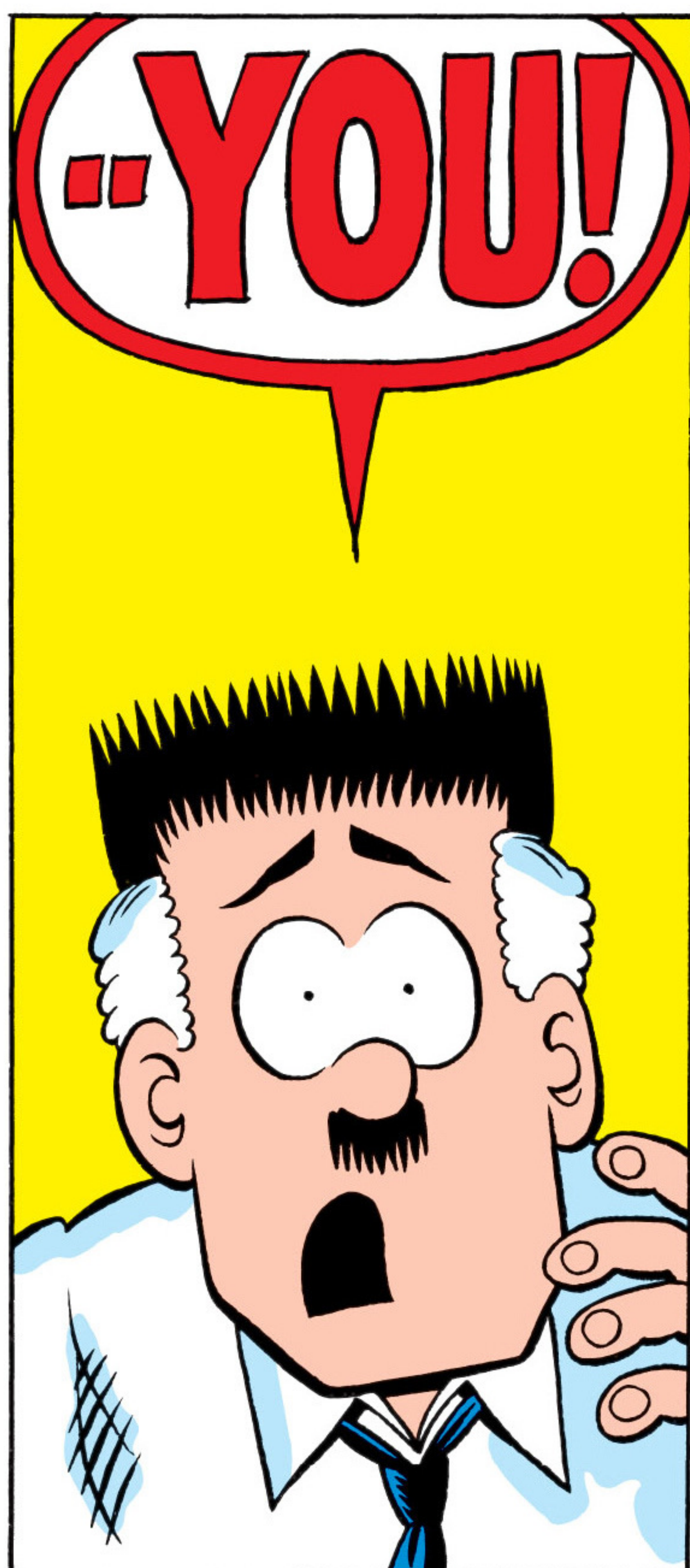
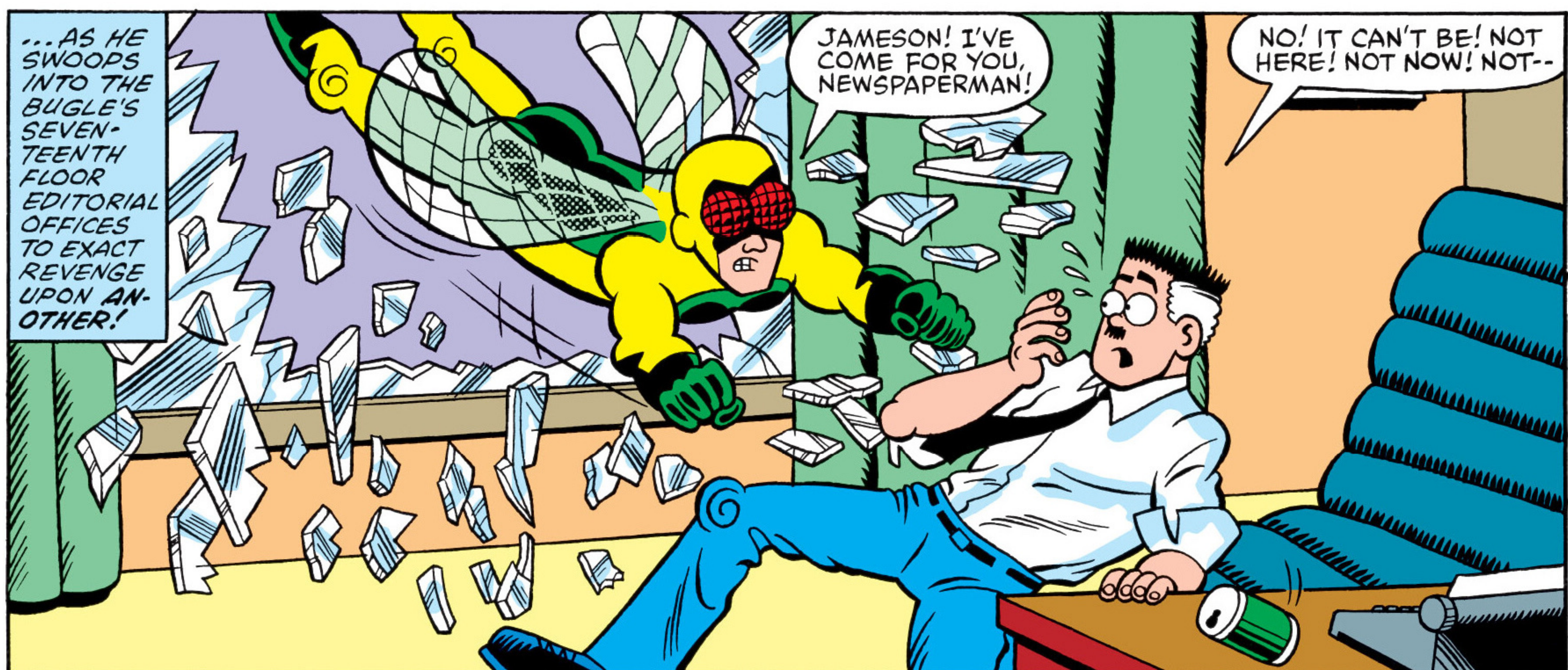
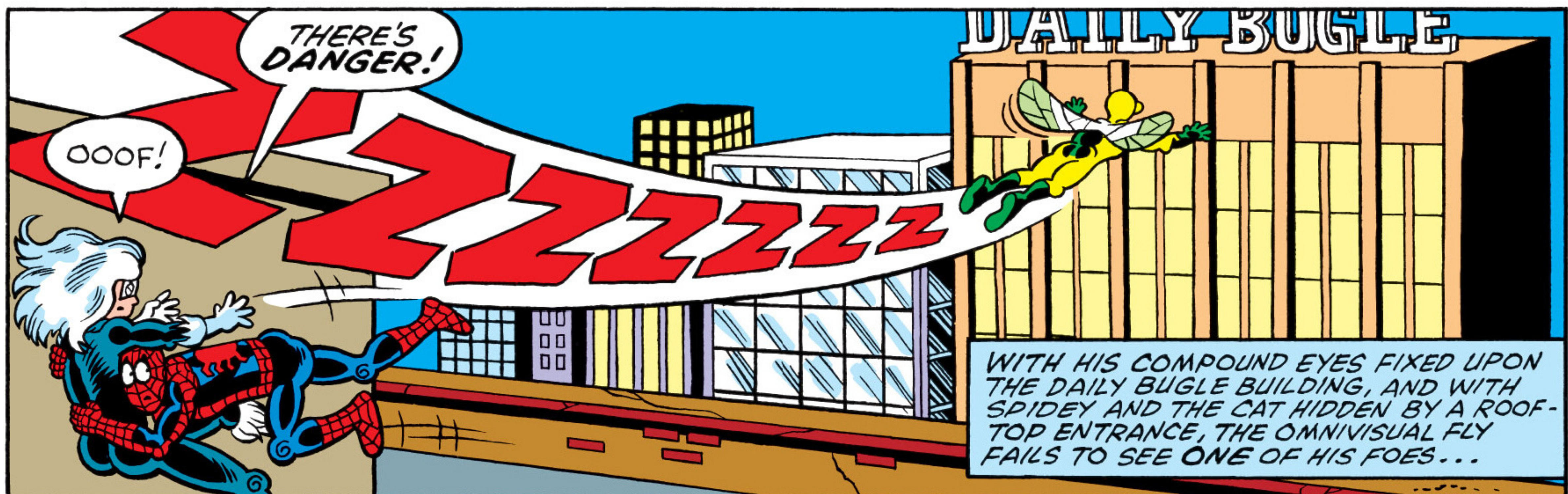
...LEAVE US TURN OUR ATTENTION TO TWO OTHER COSTUMED CHARACTERS AS THEIR STAR-CROSSED ROMANCE CARRIES THEM THROUGH THE NIGHT.

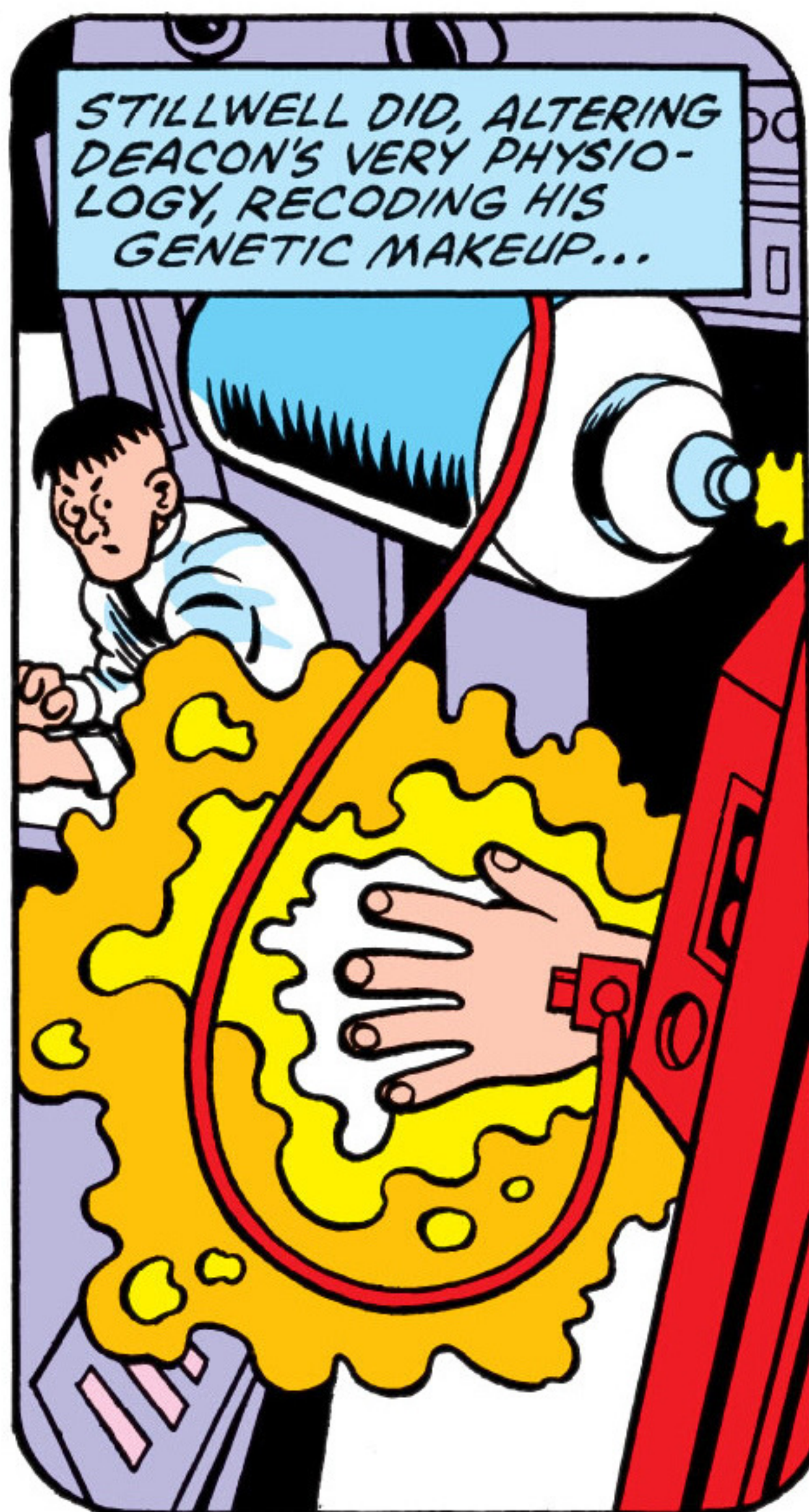
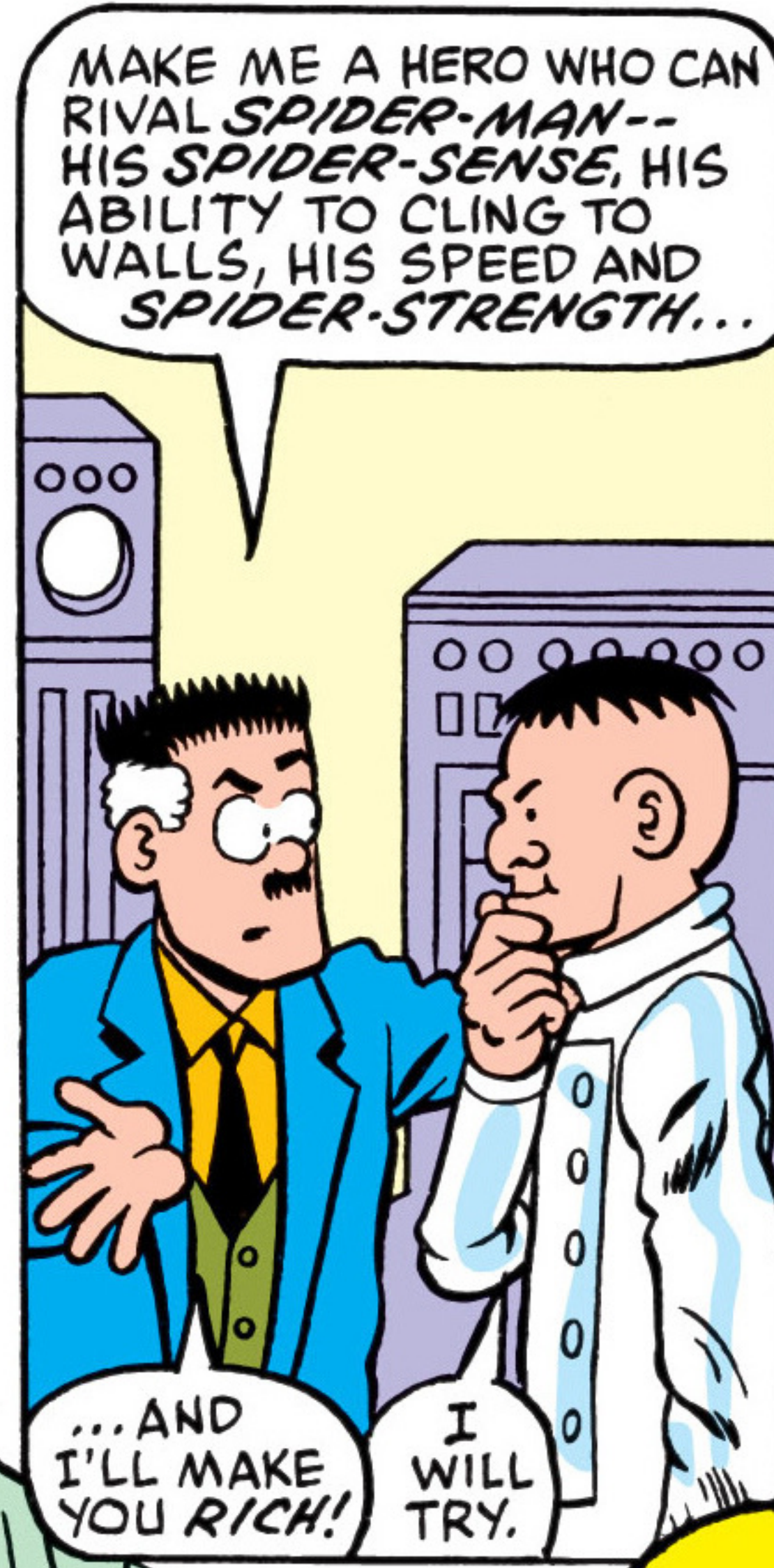
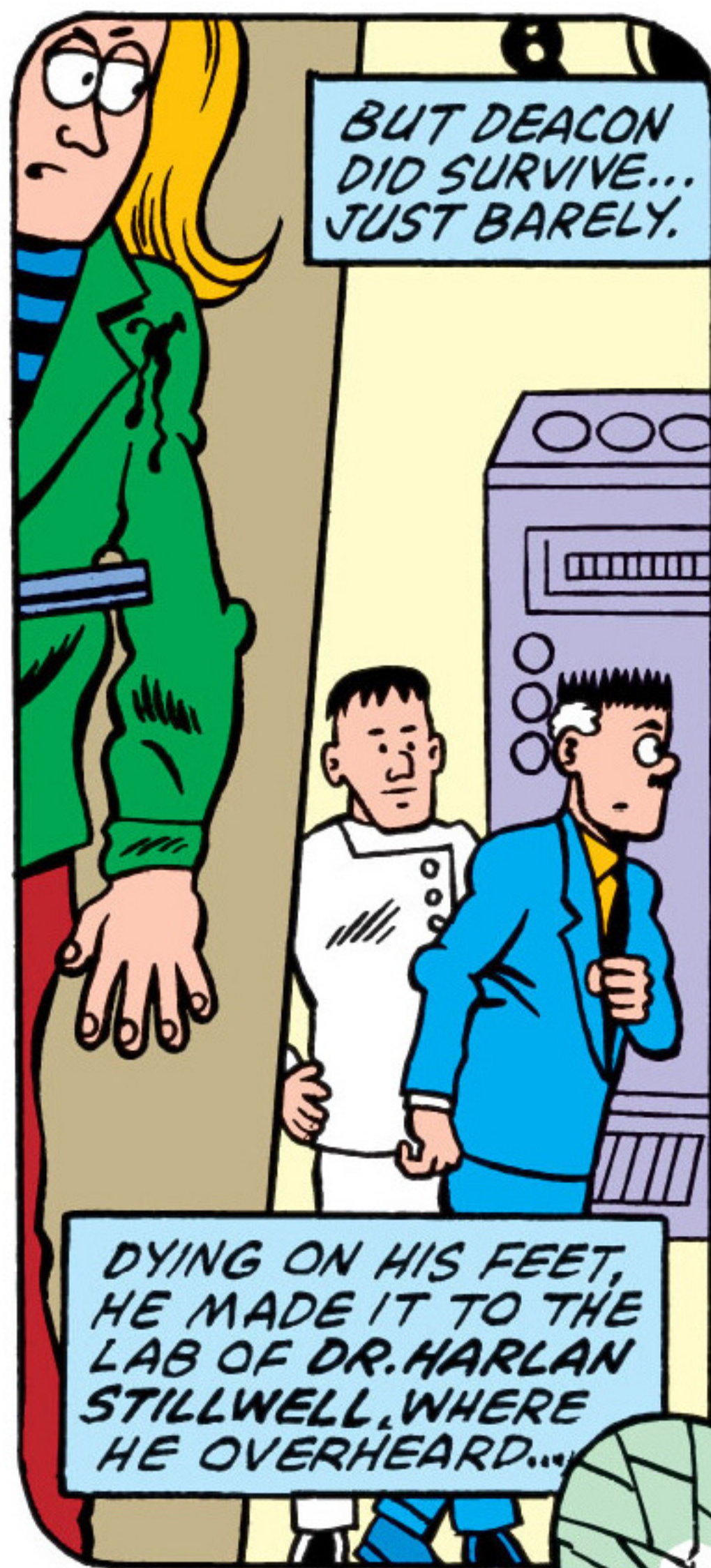
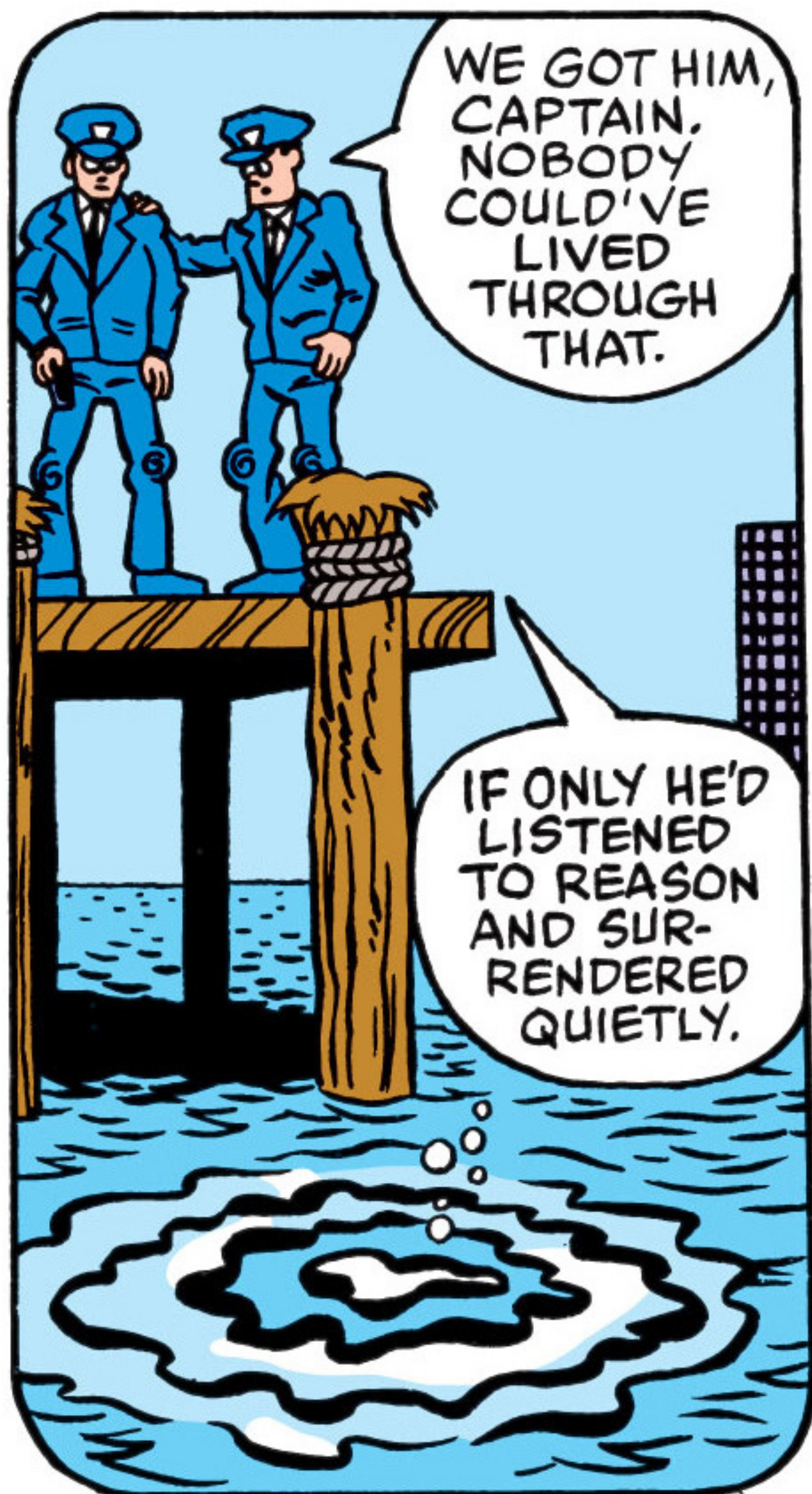
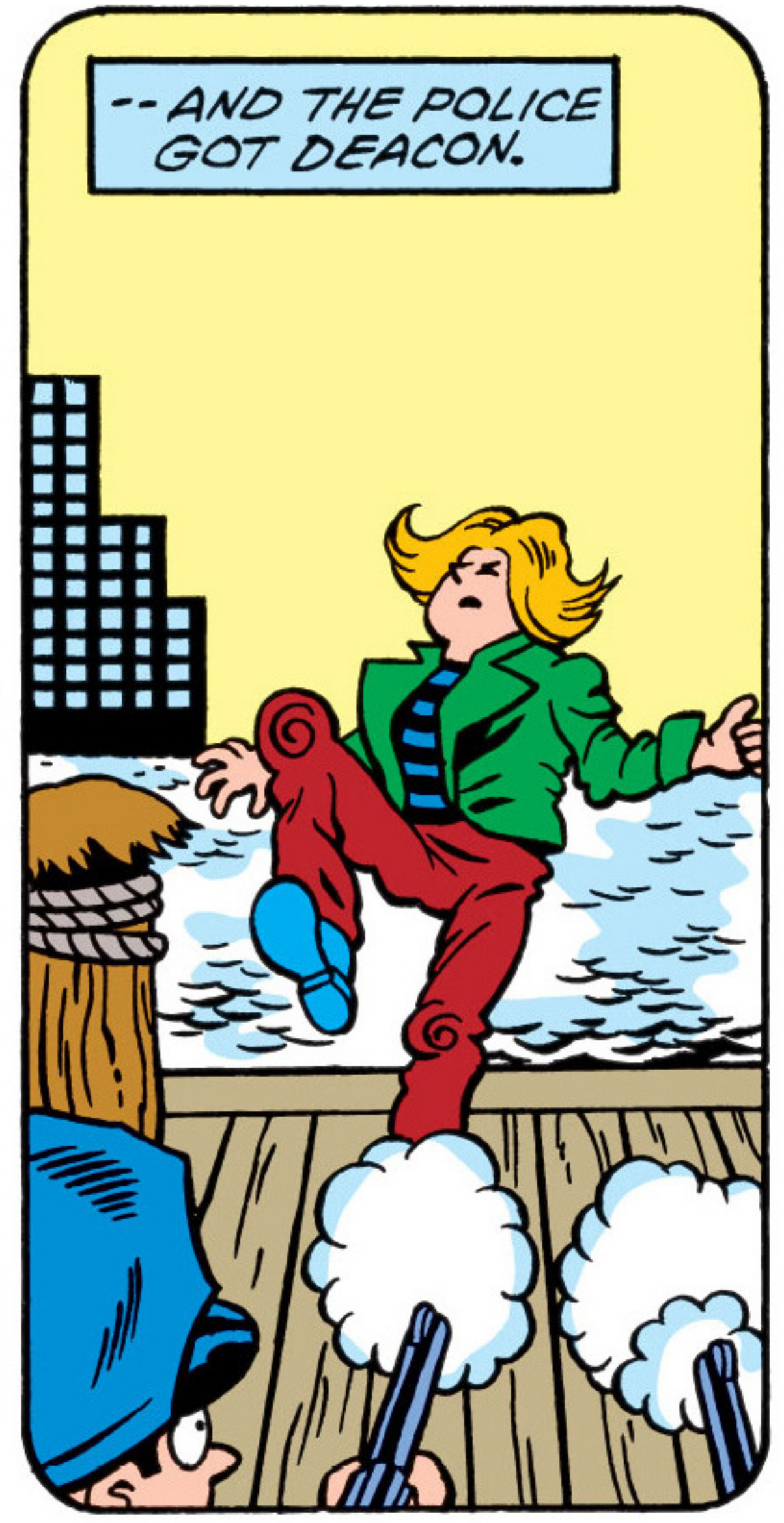
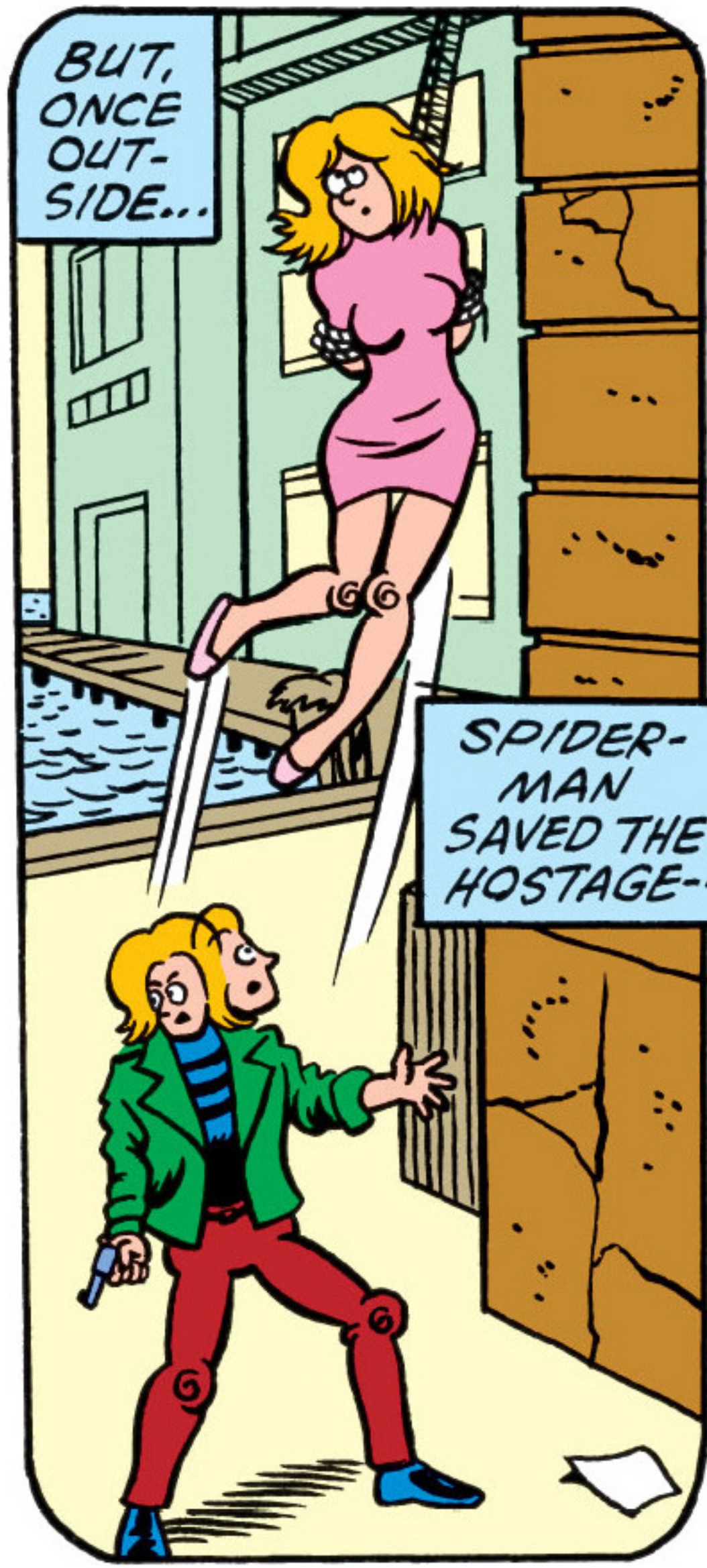
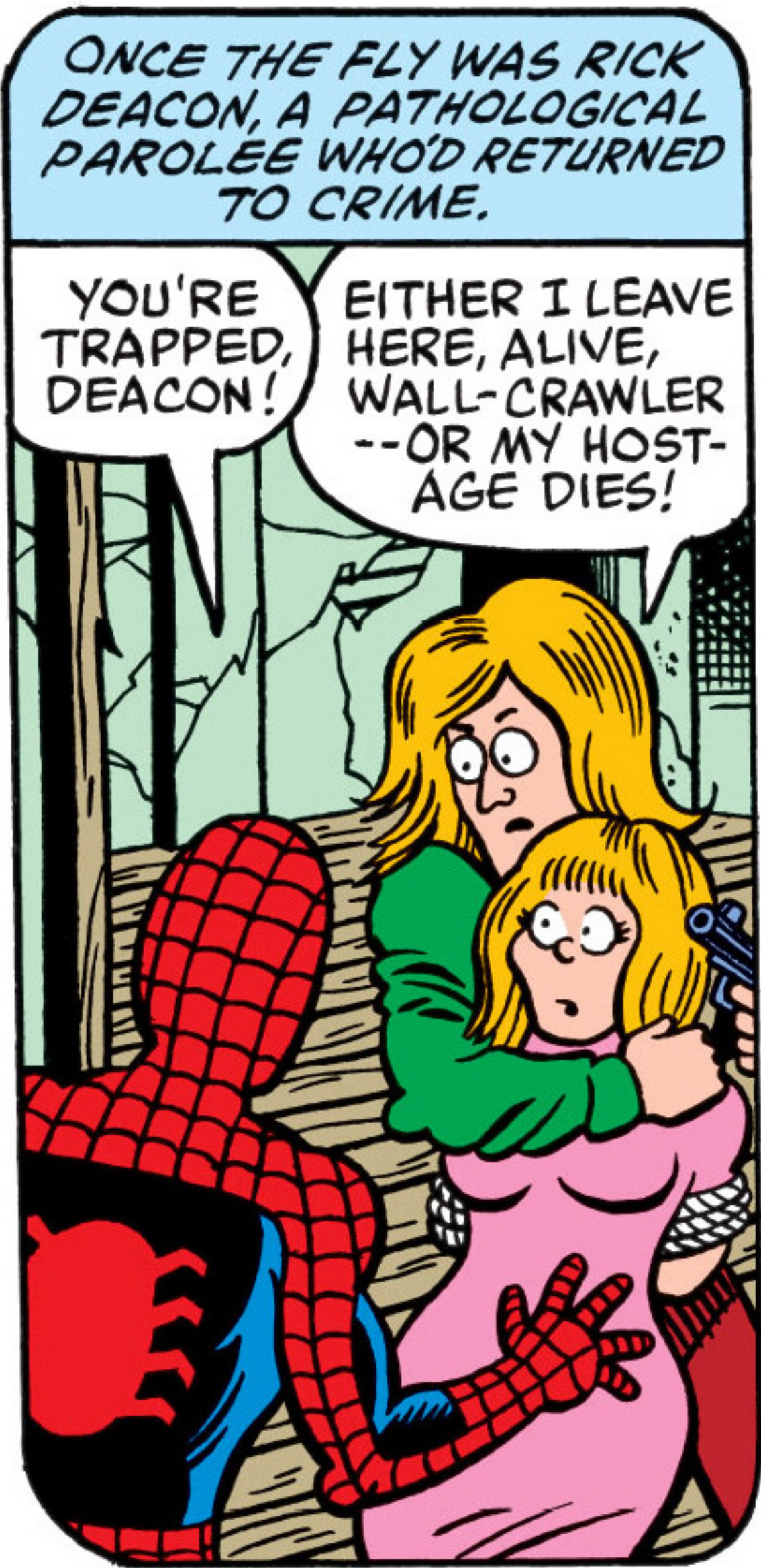




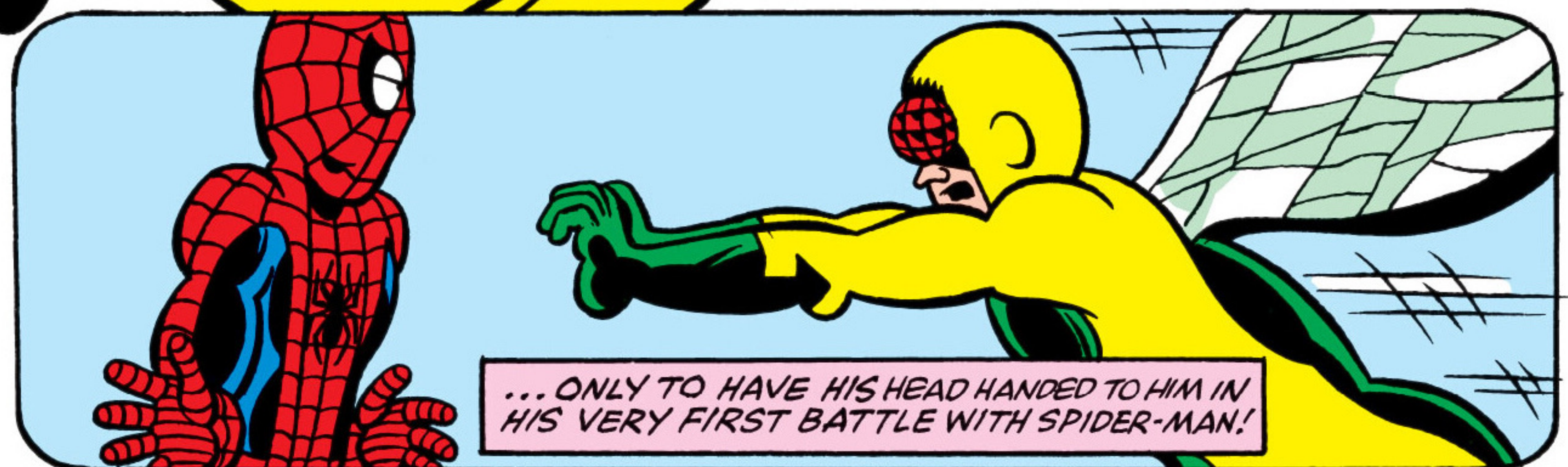
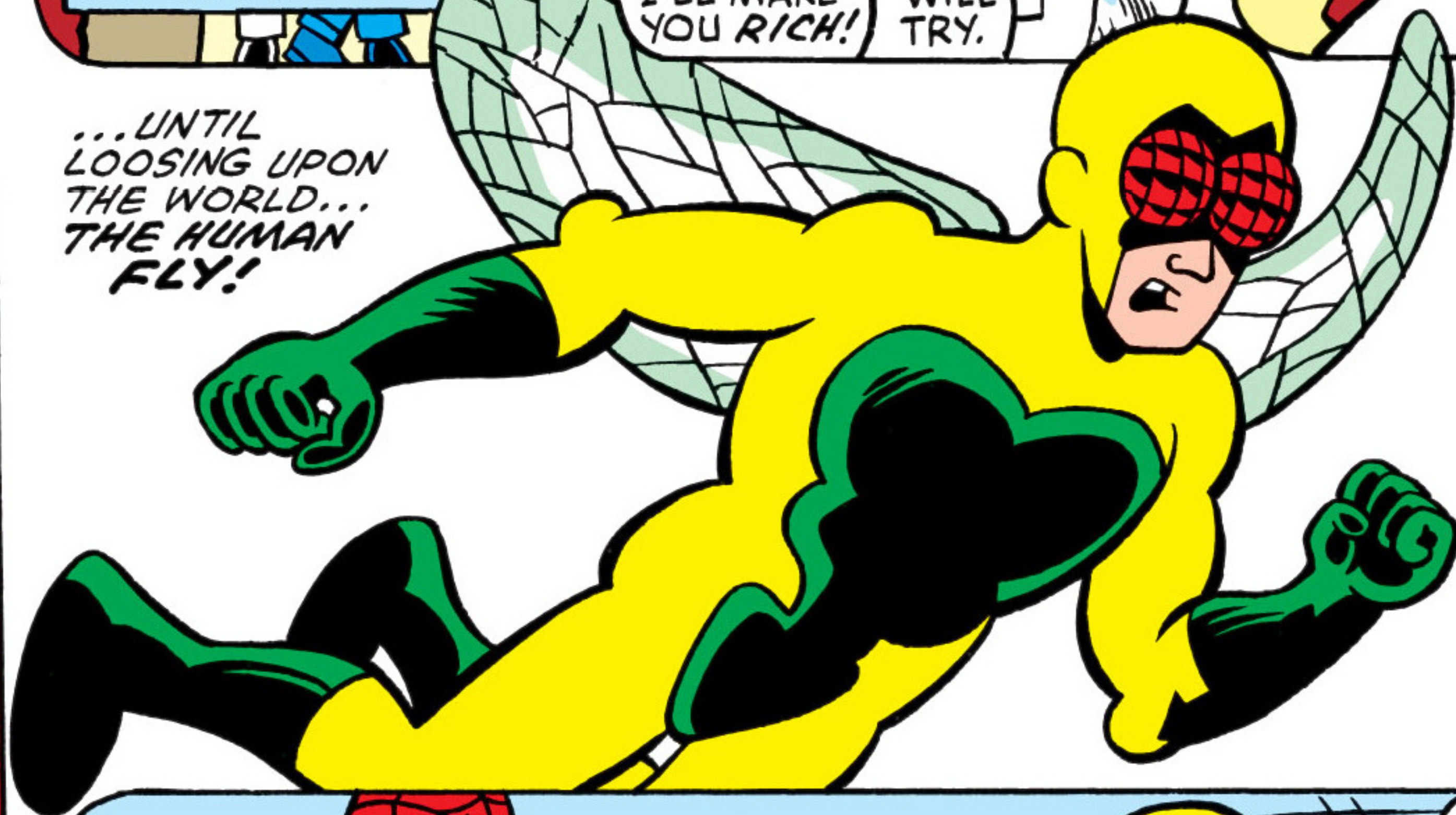


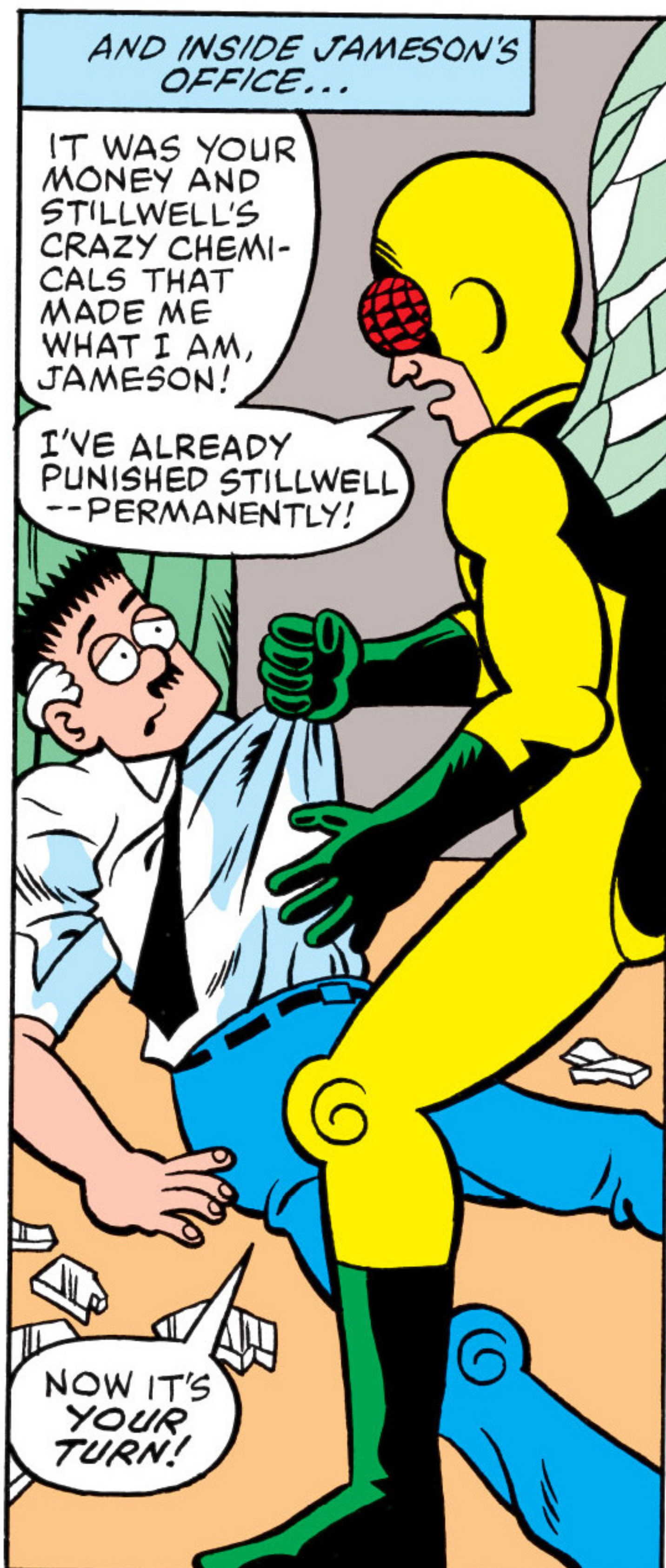


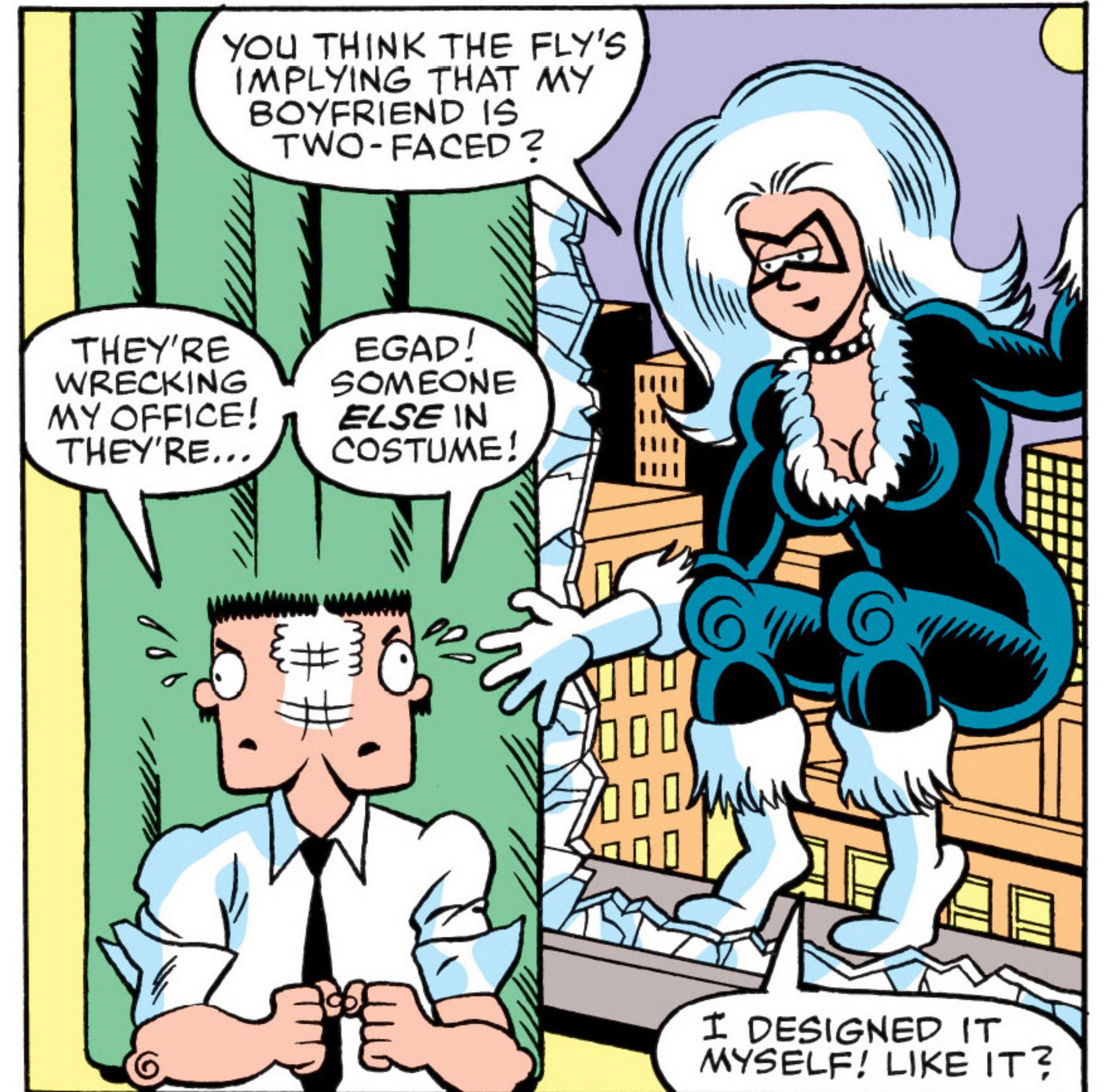
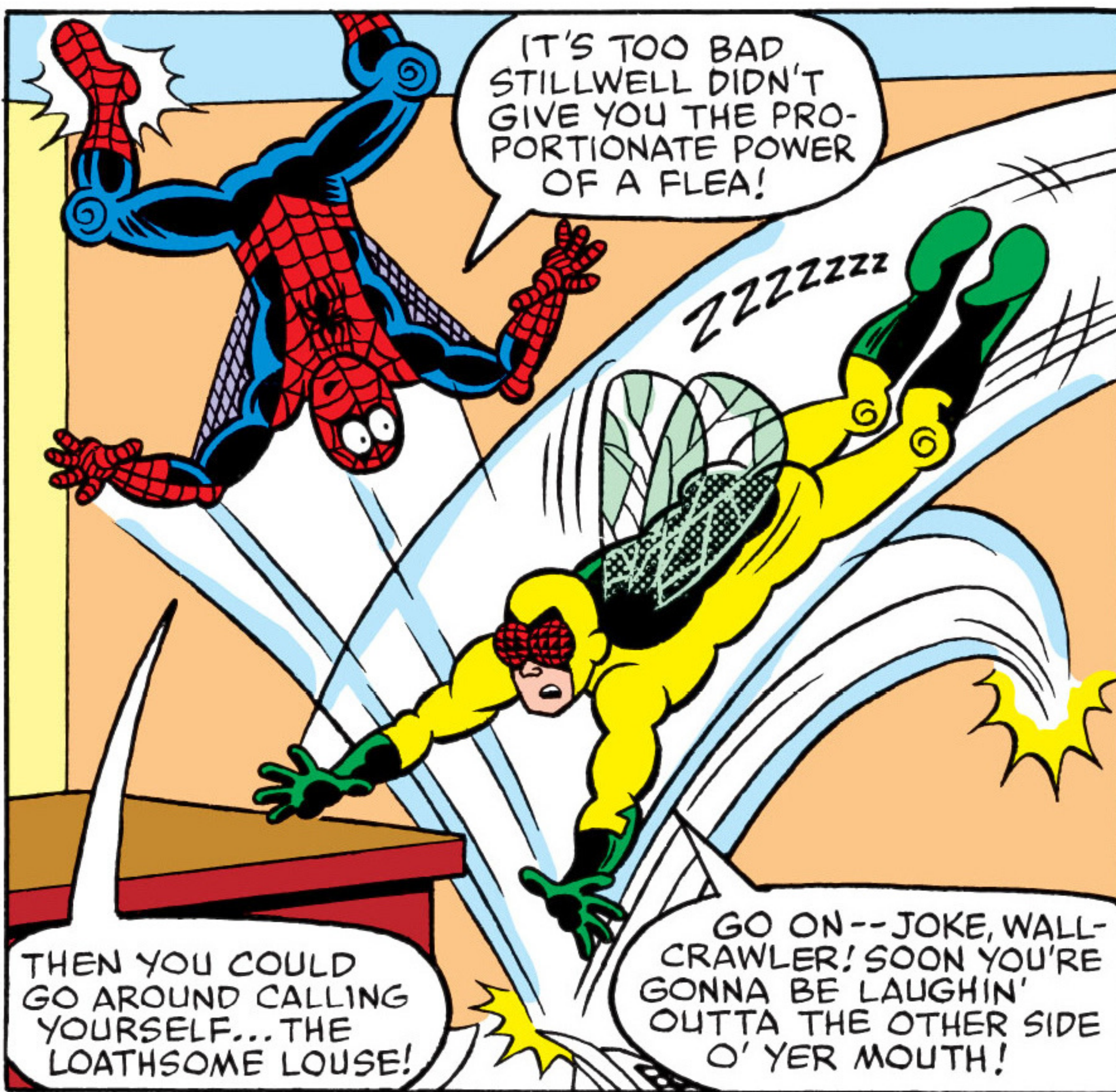
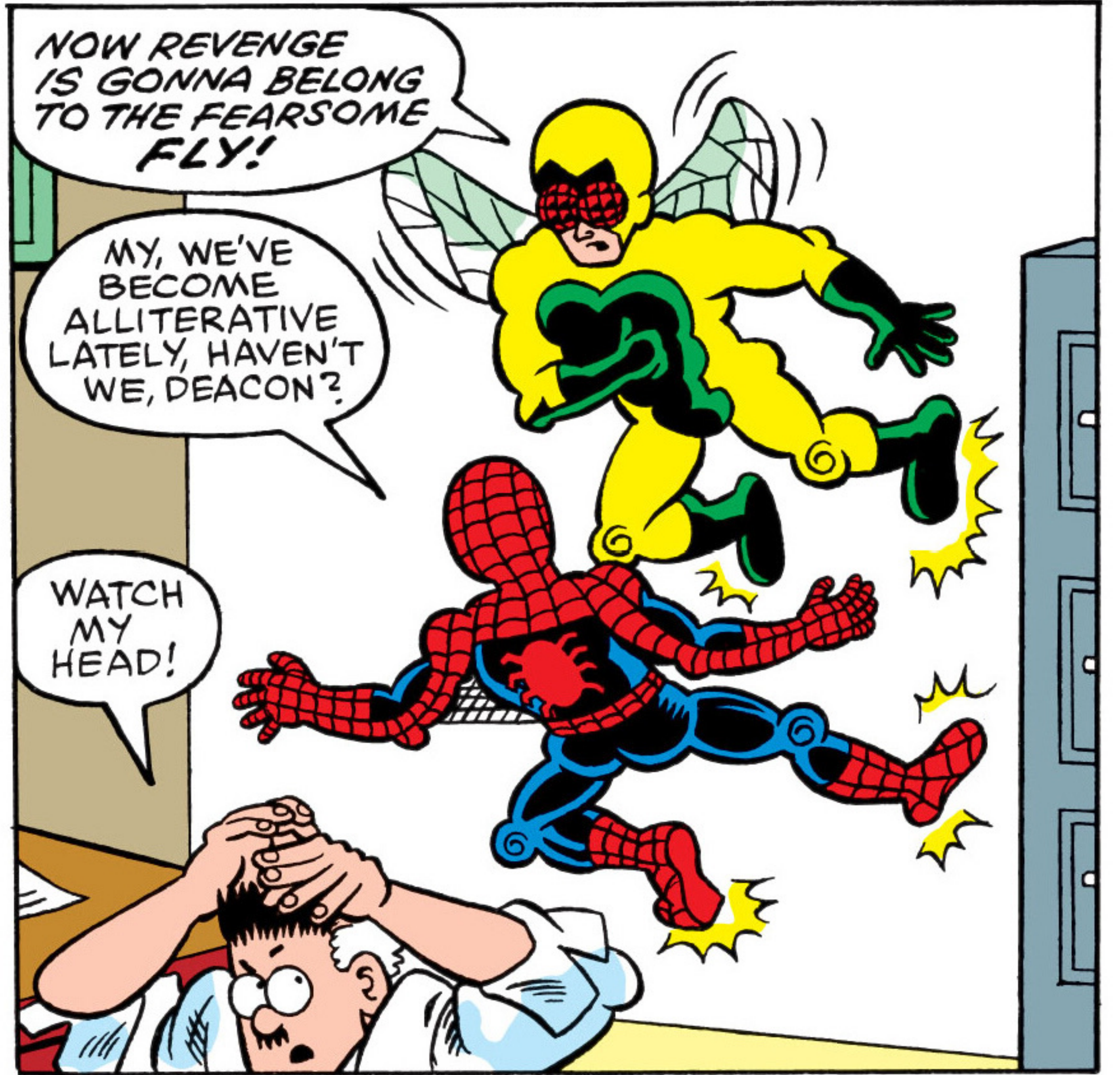
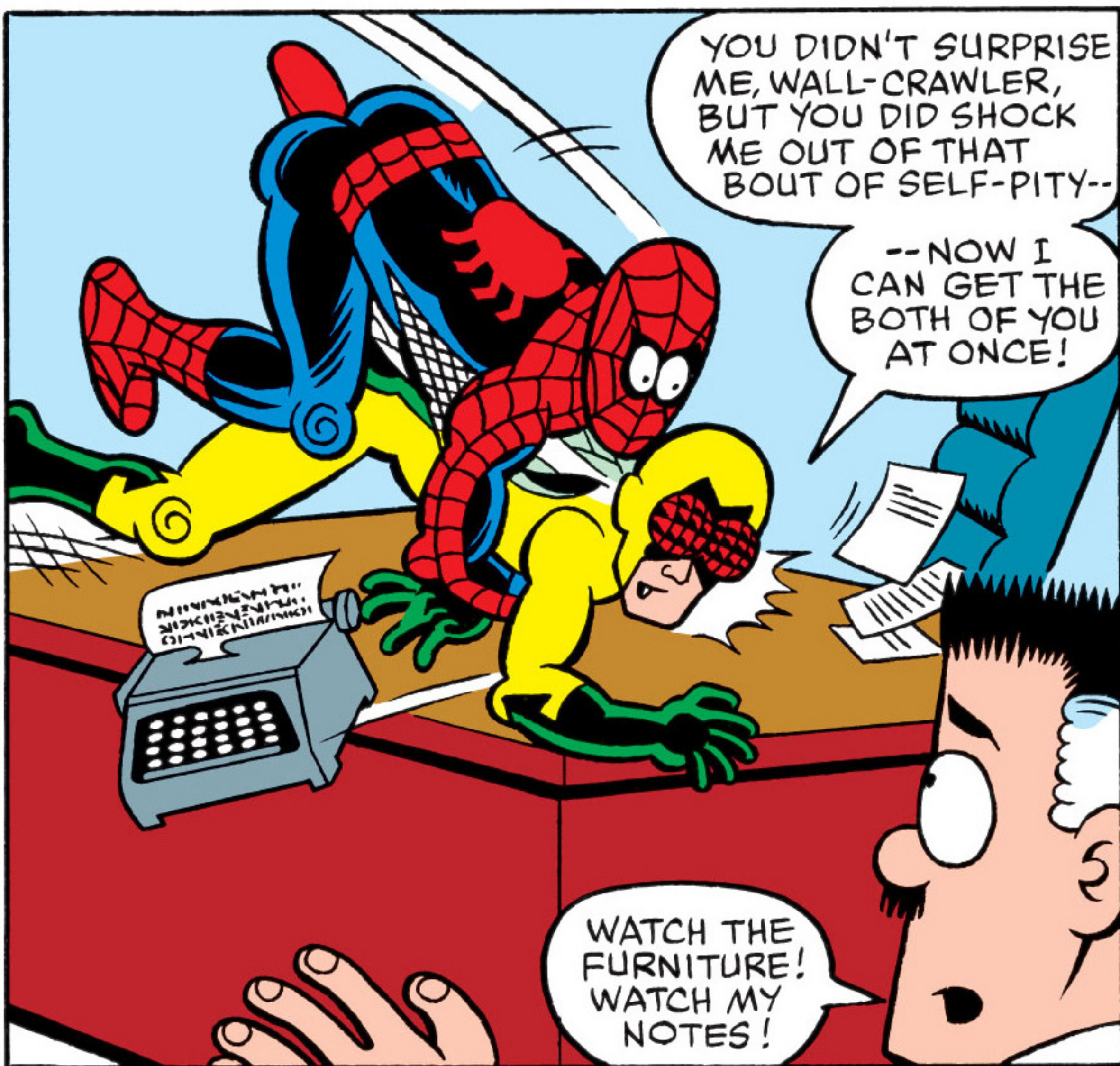


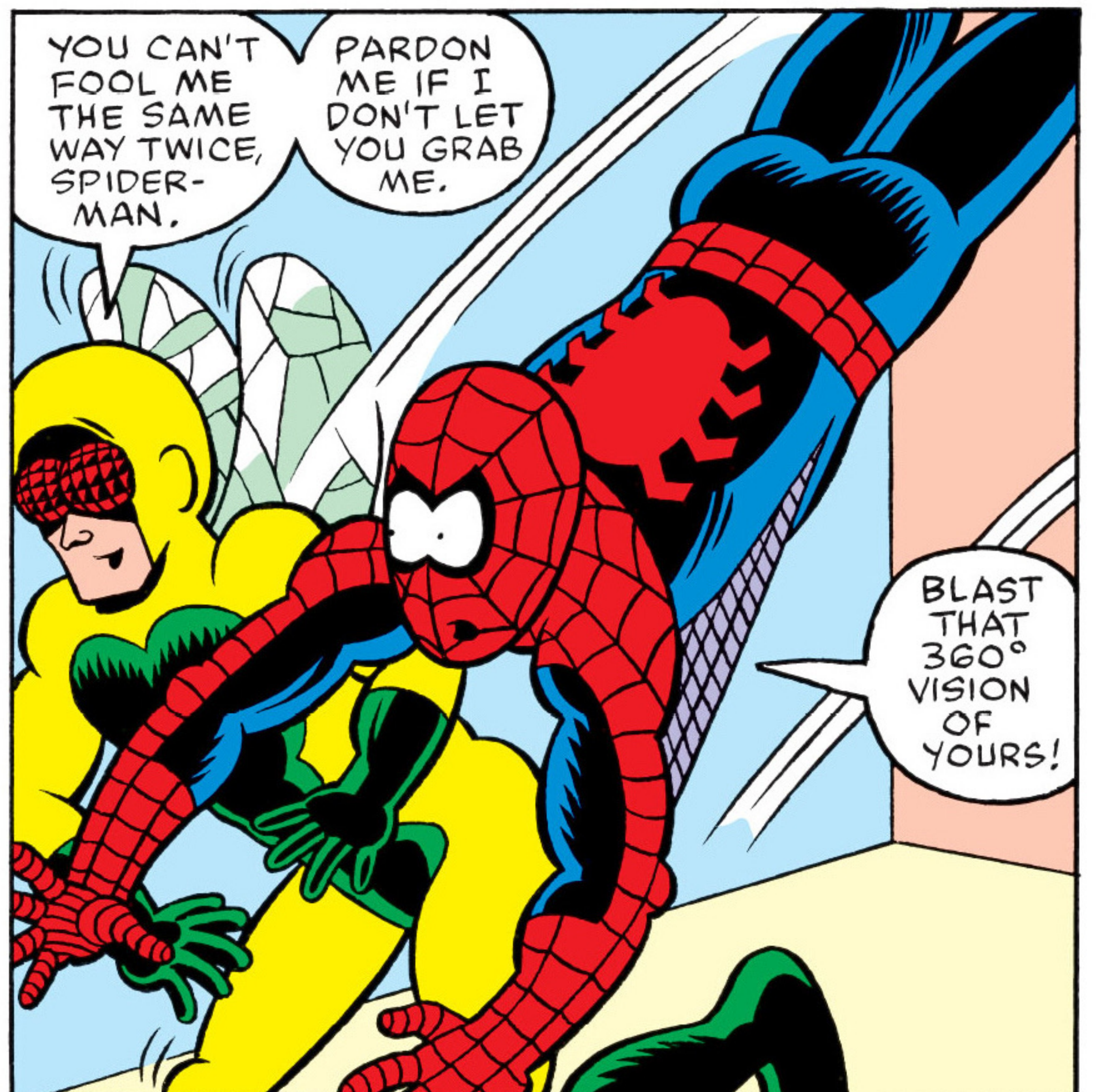
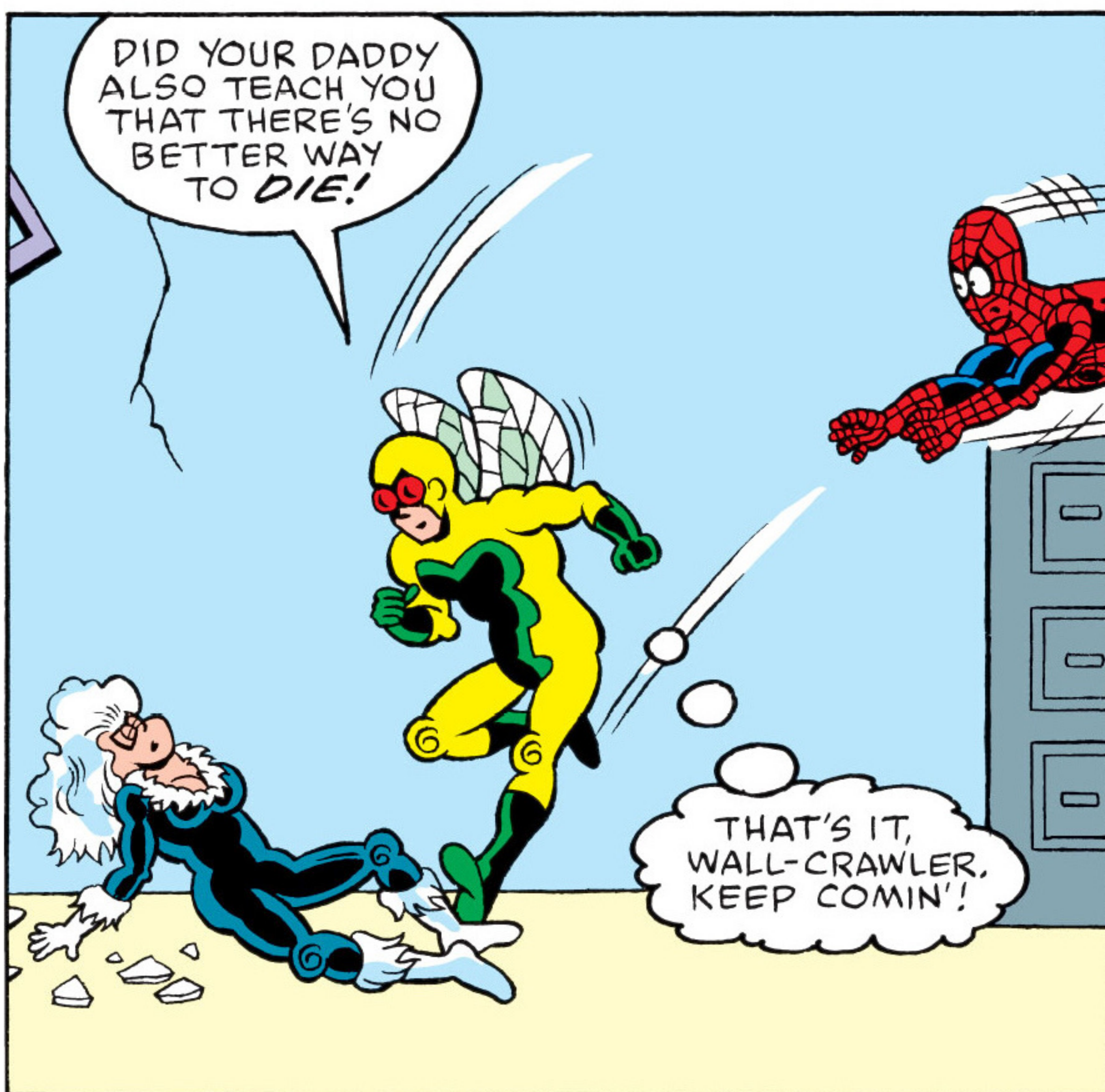
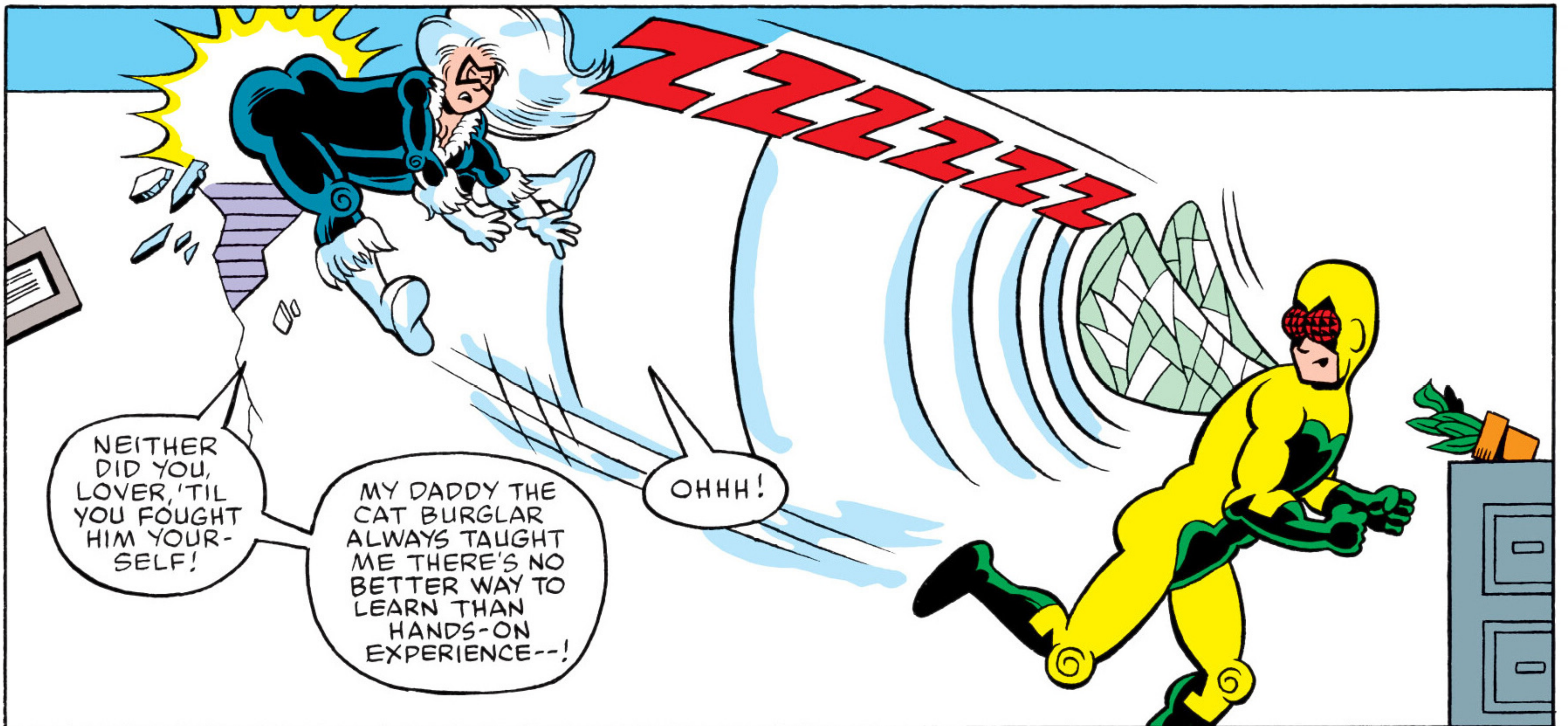
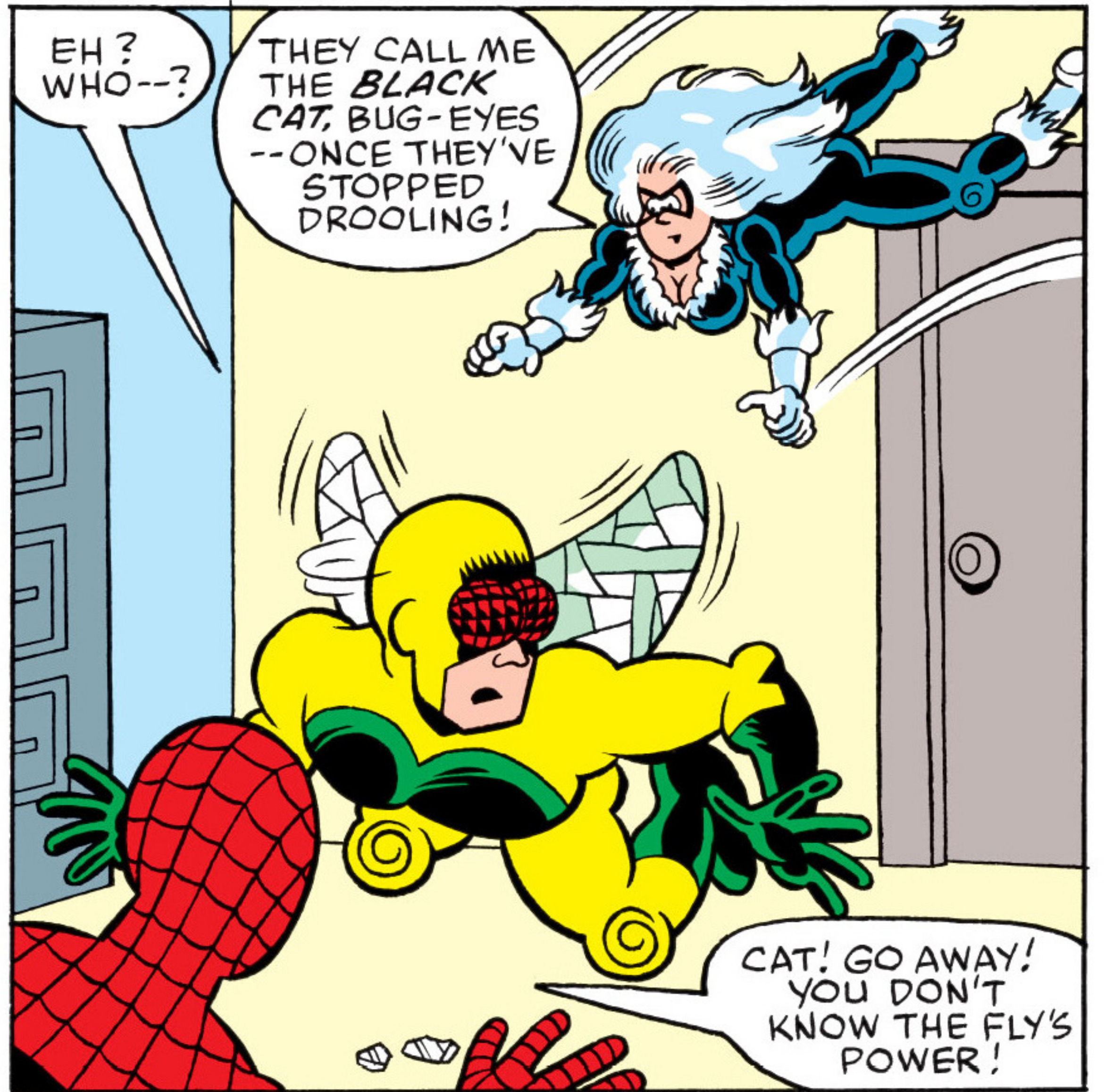


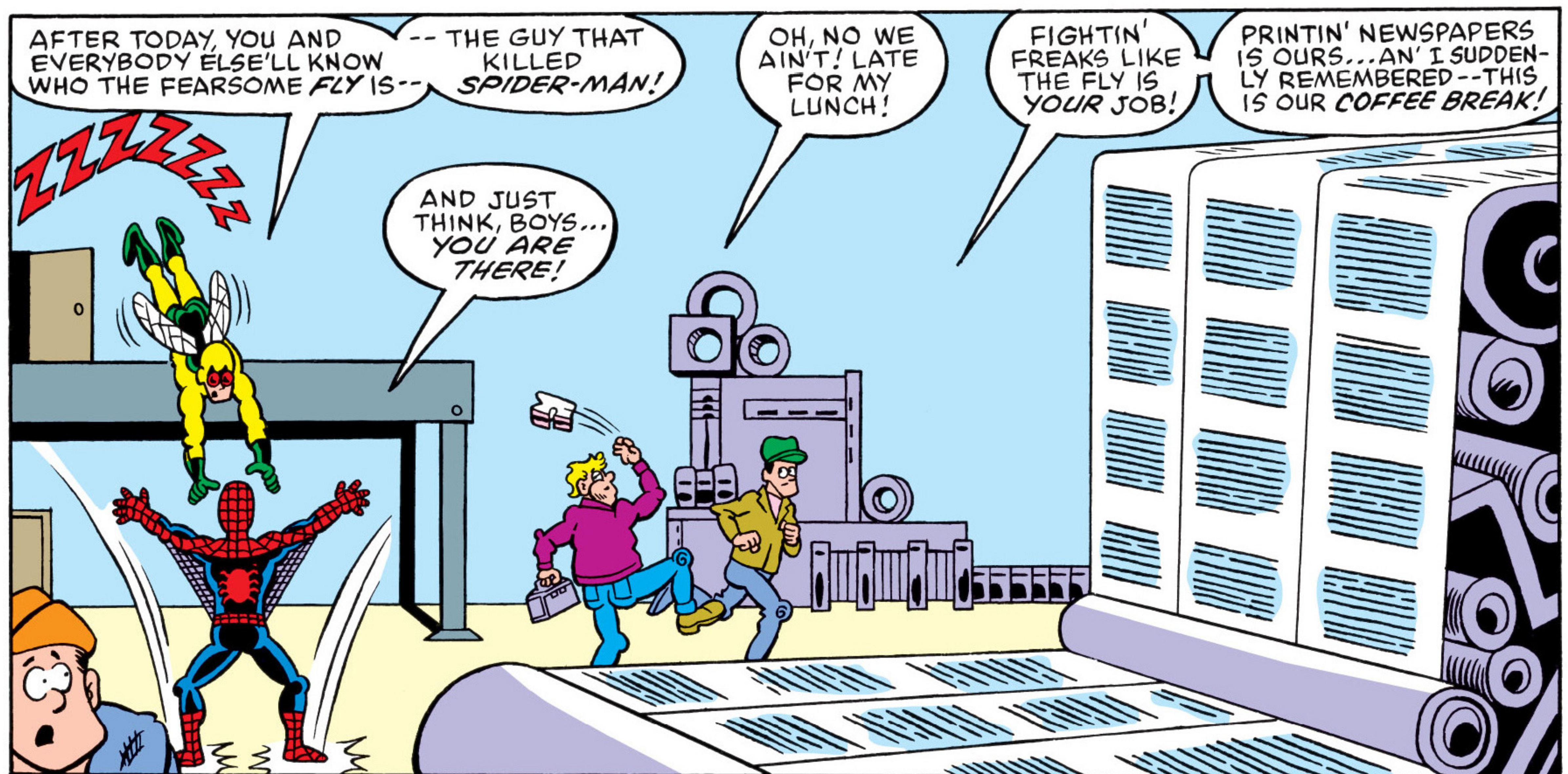
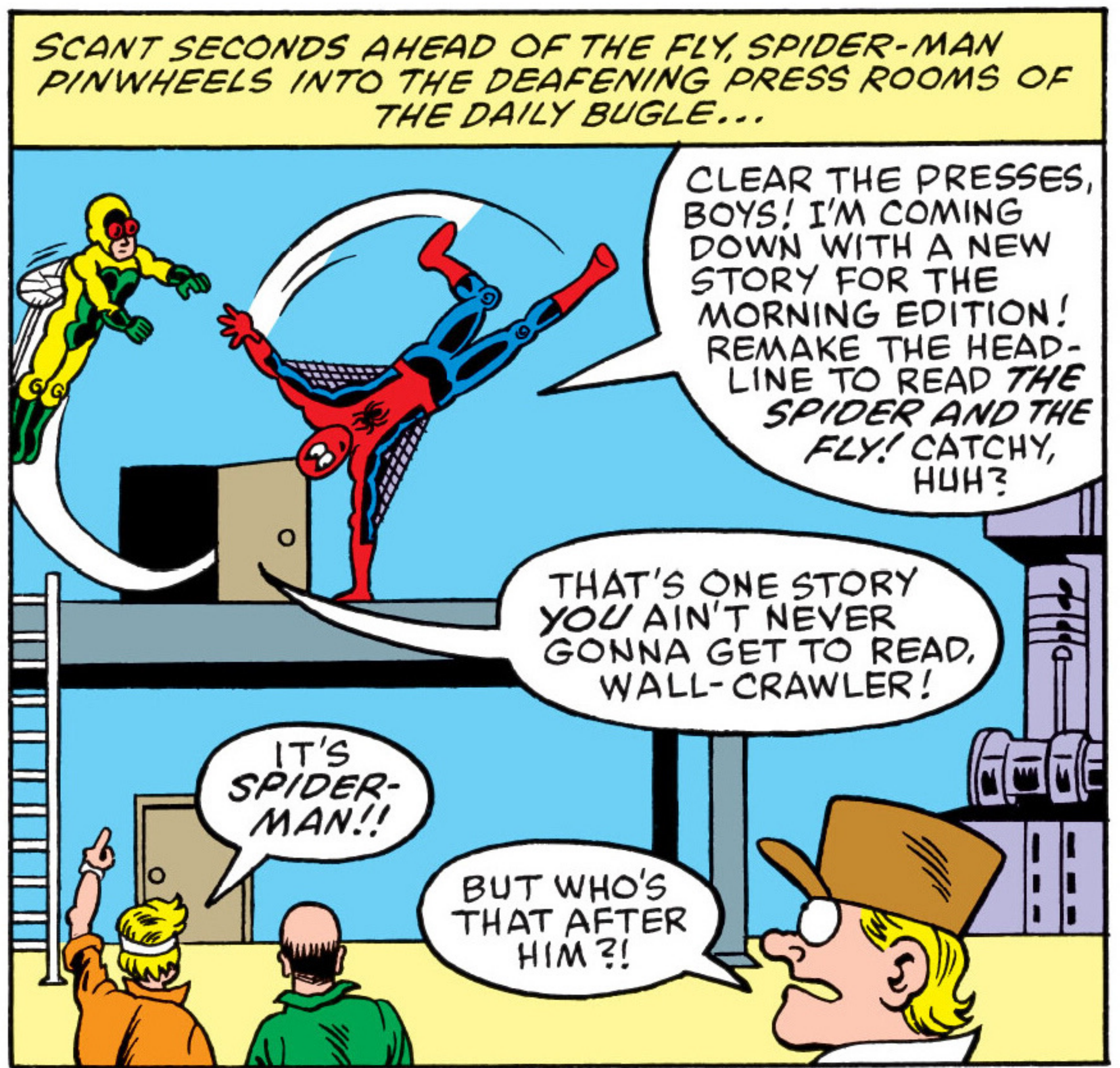
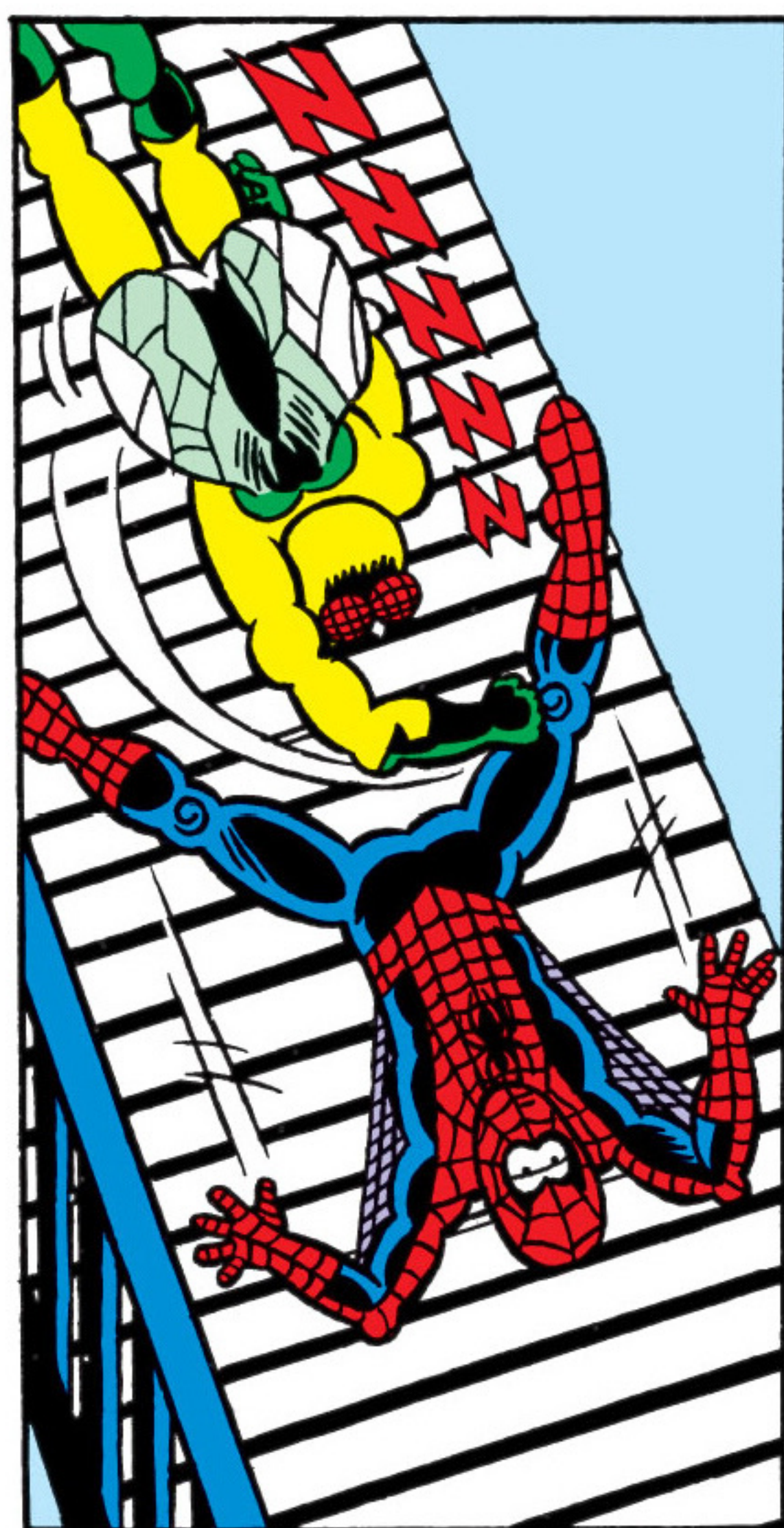
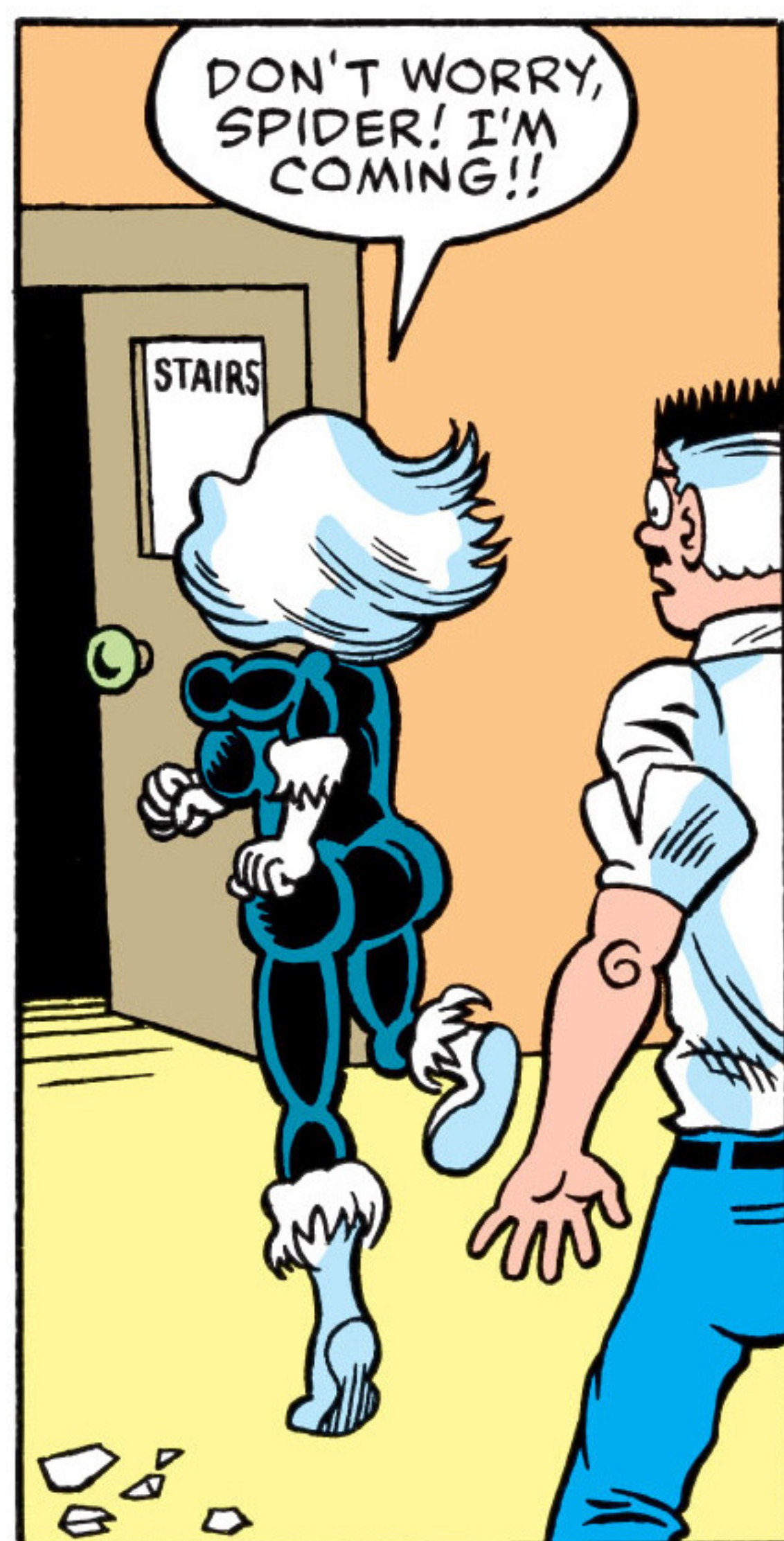
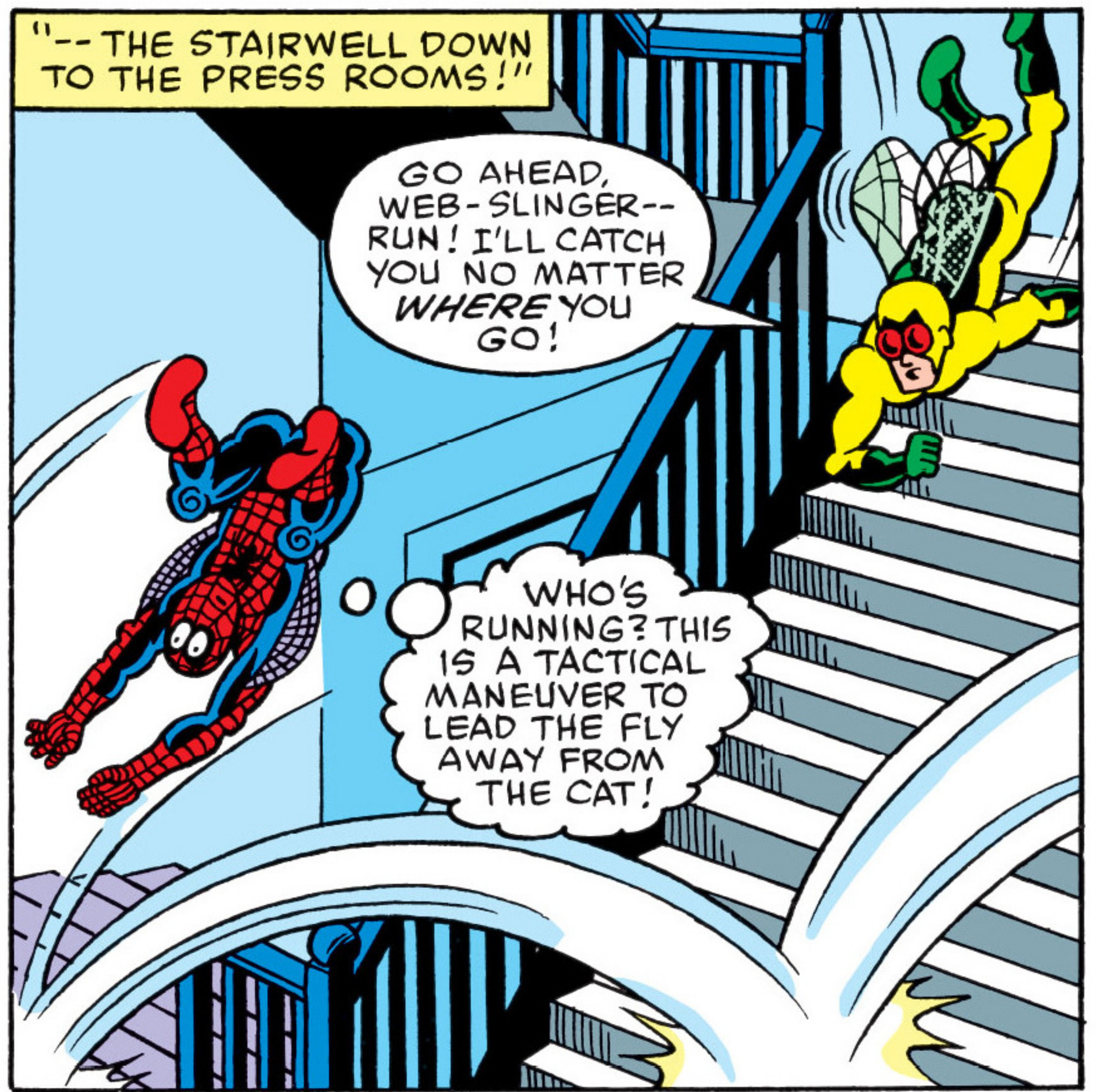
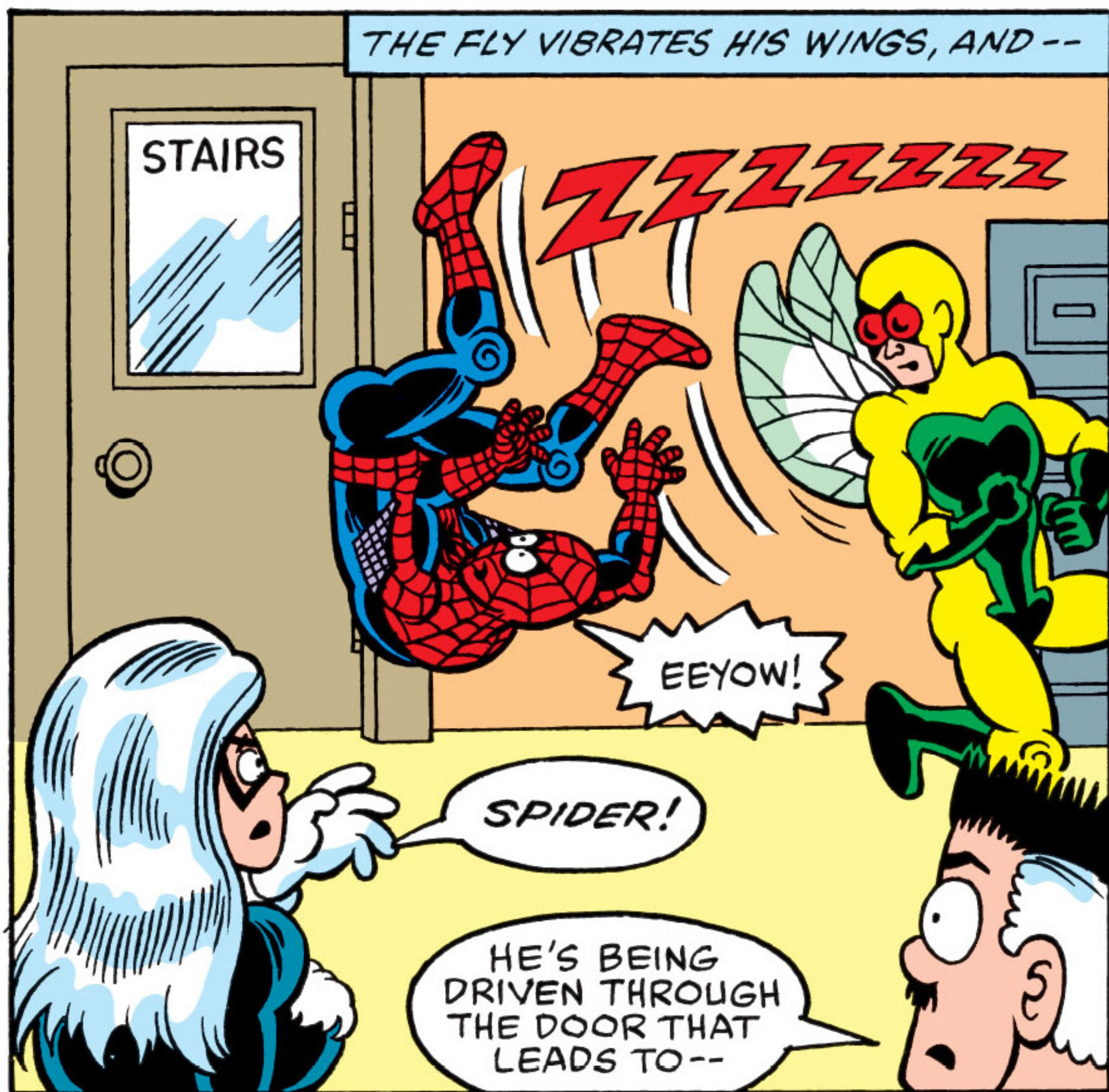
...UNTIL LOOSING UPON THE WORLD... THE HUMAN FLY!

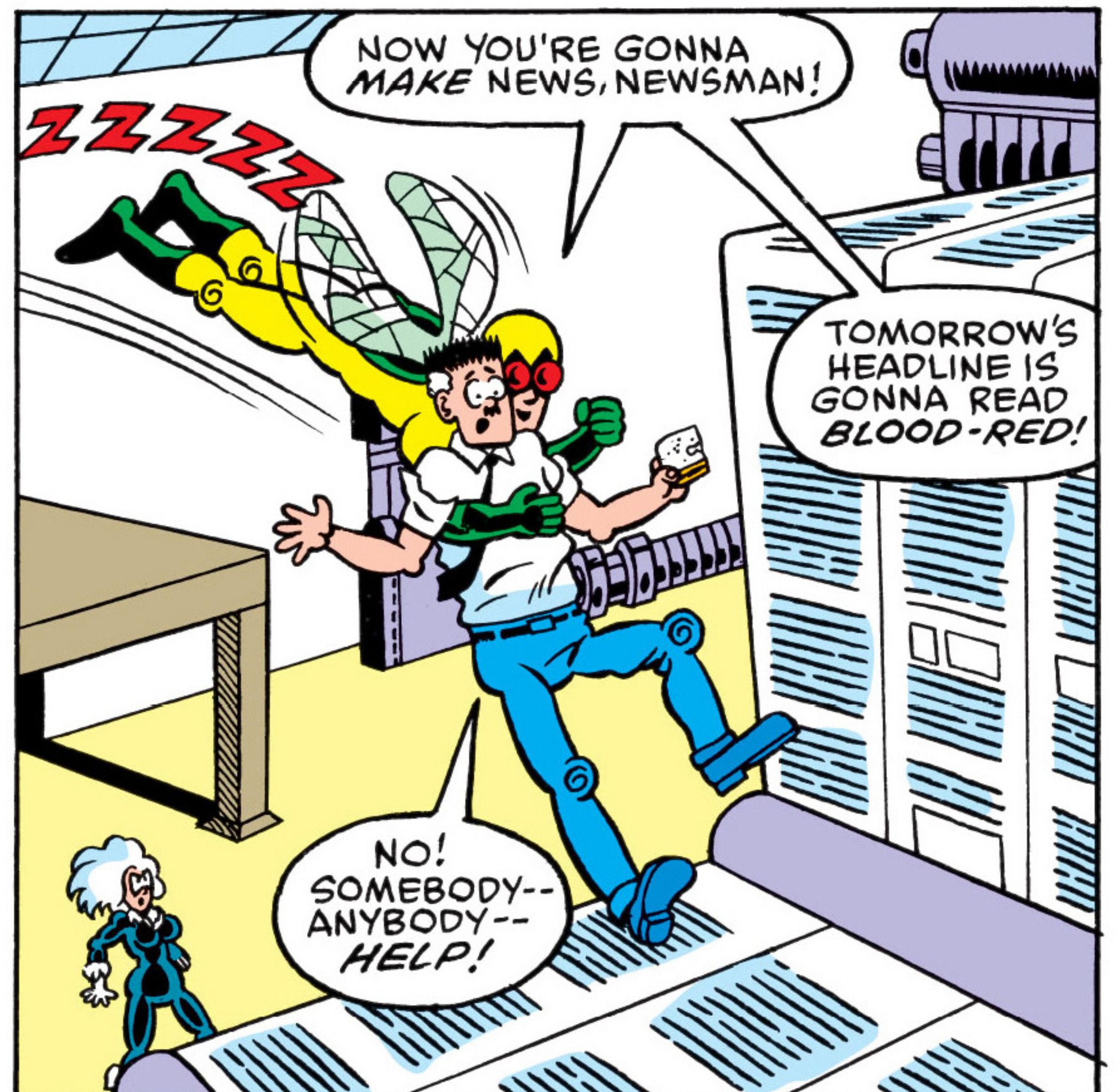
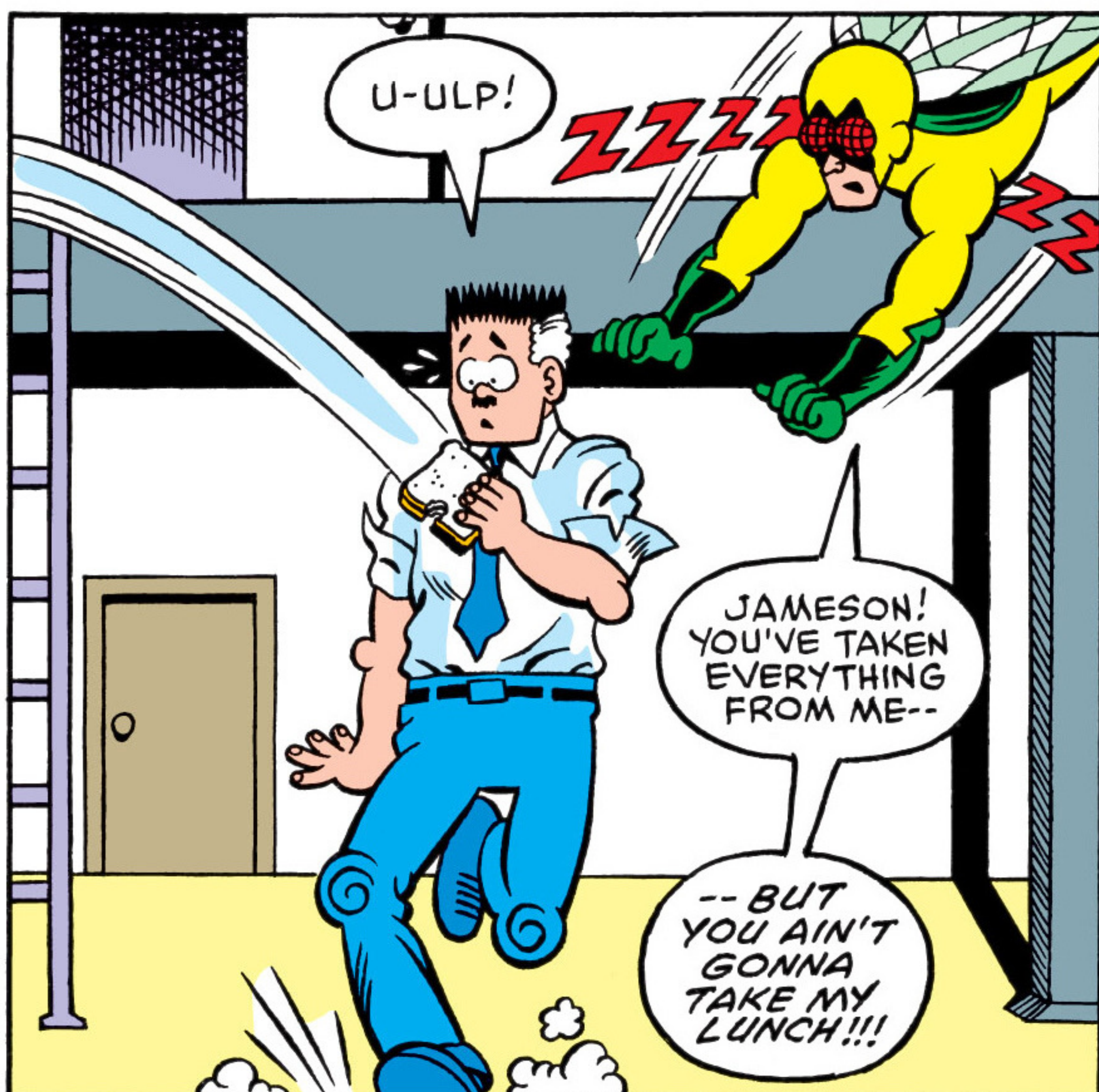
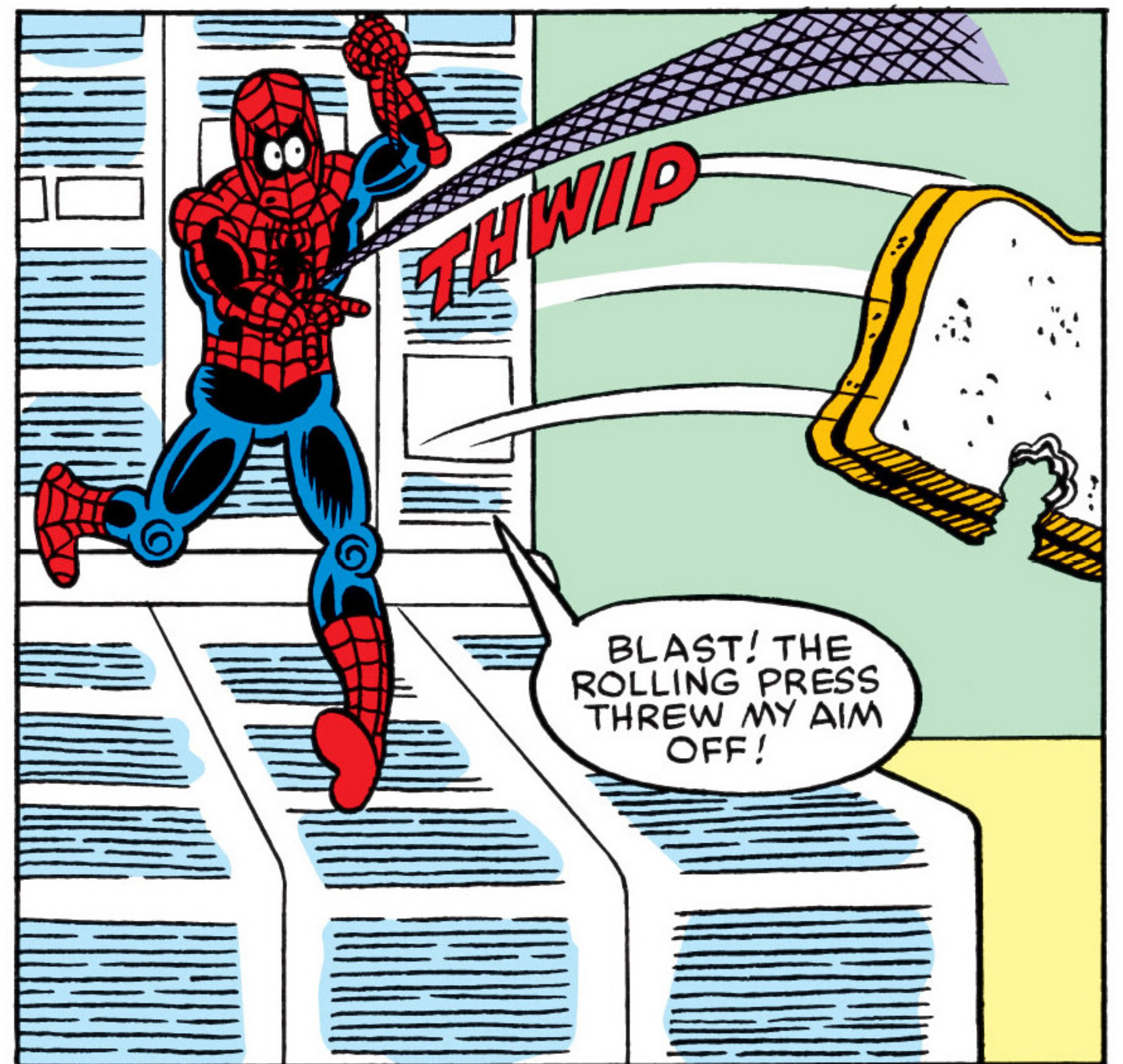
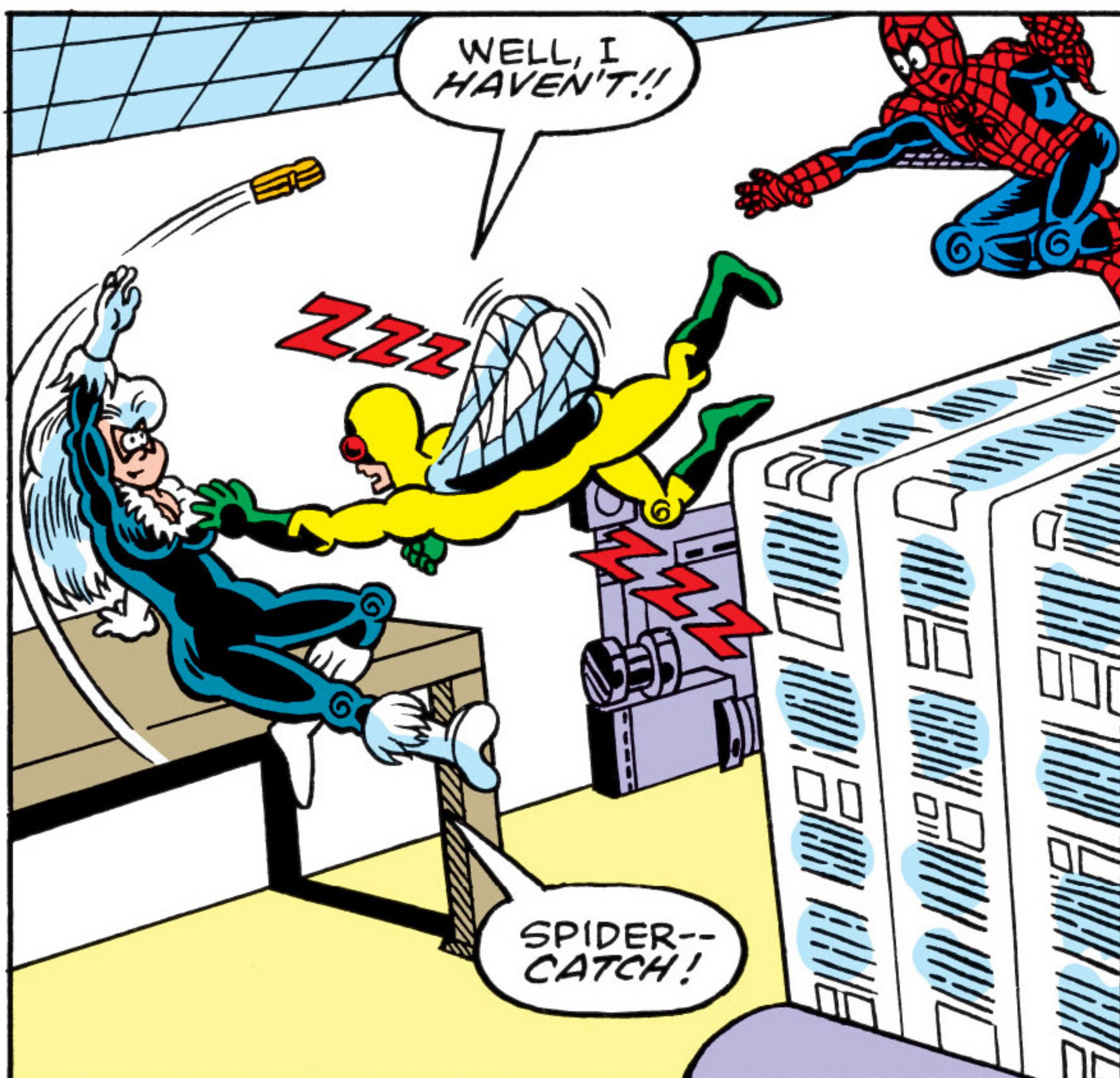
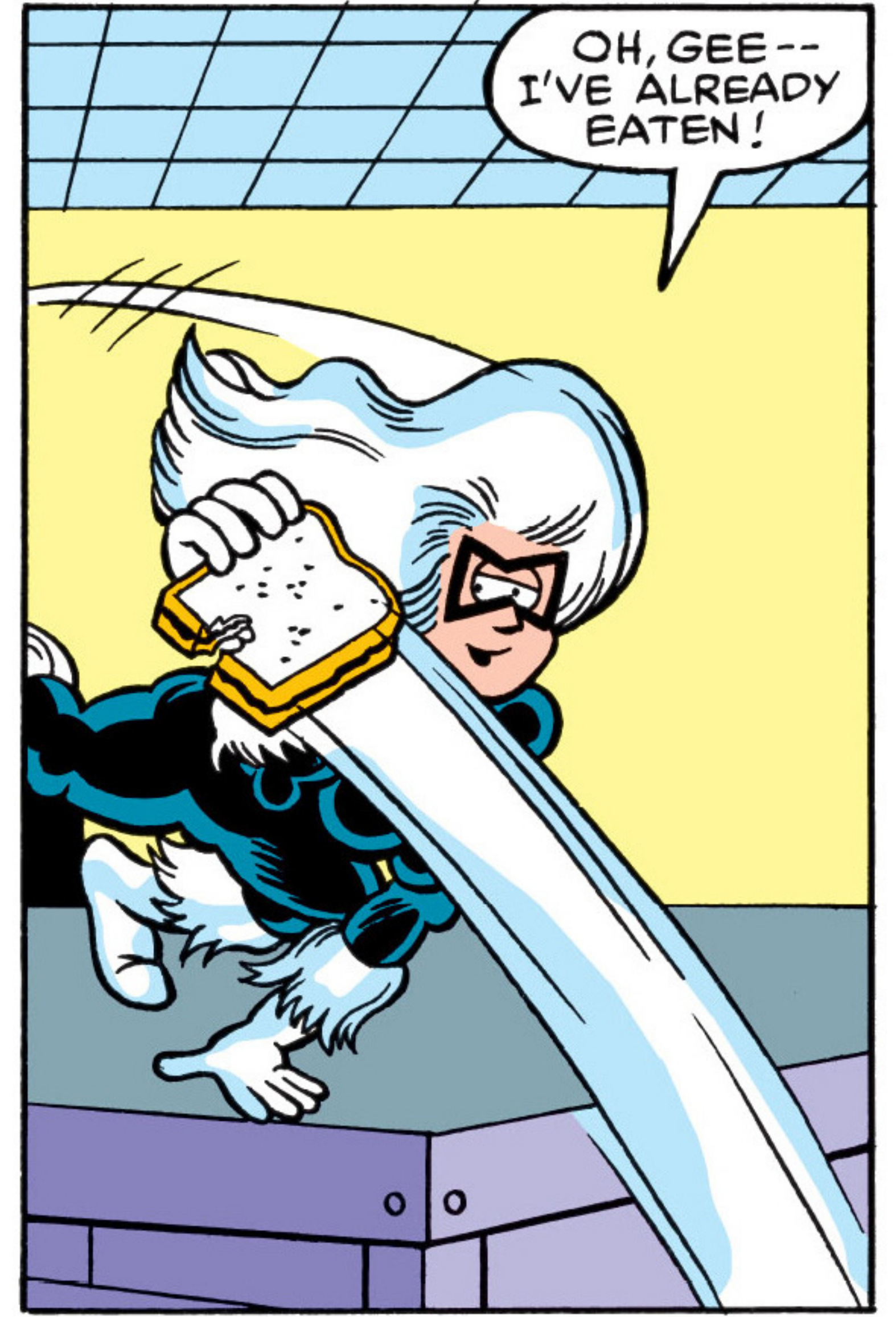
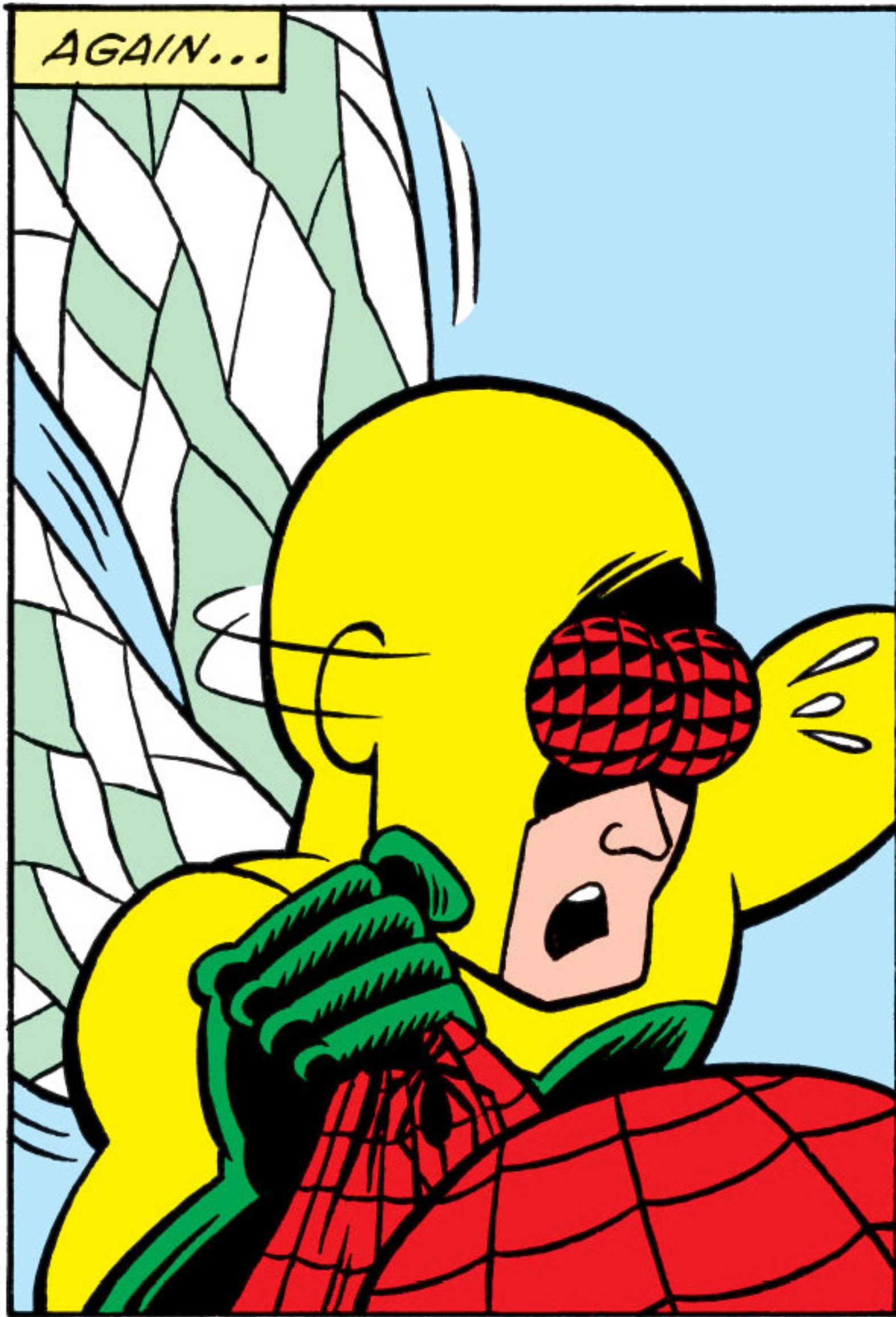


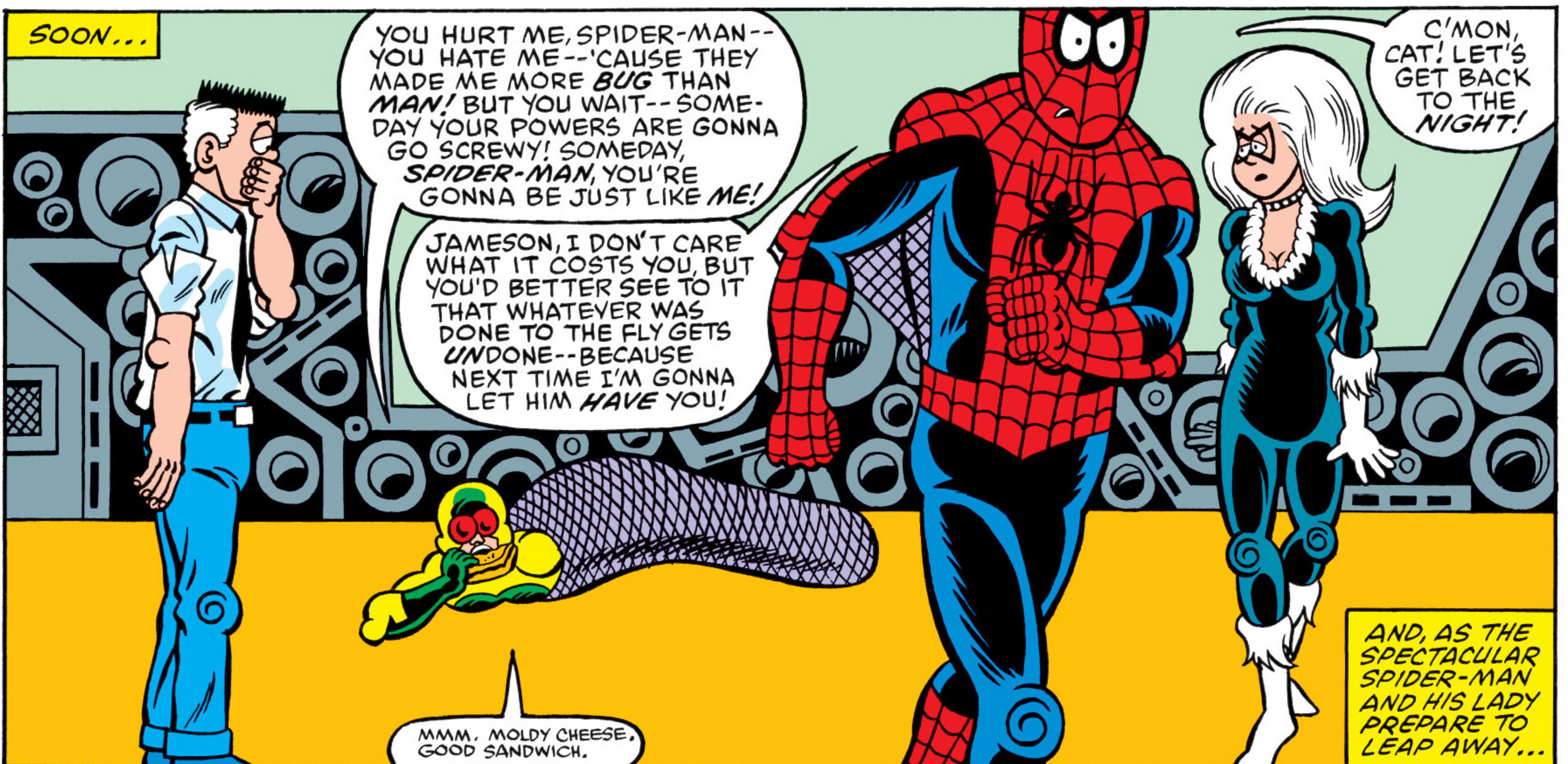
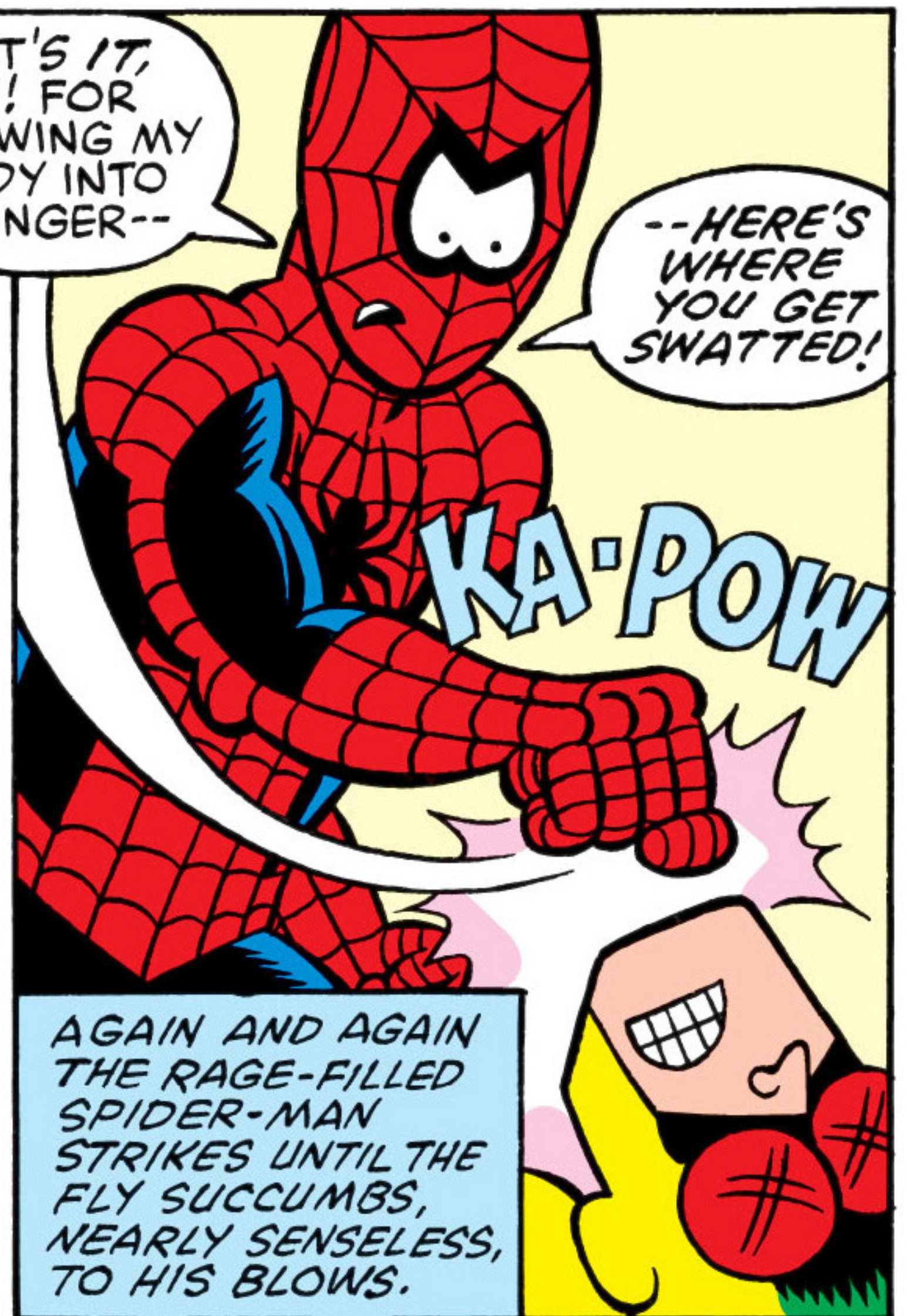
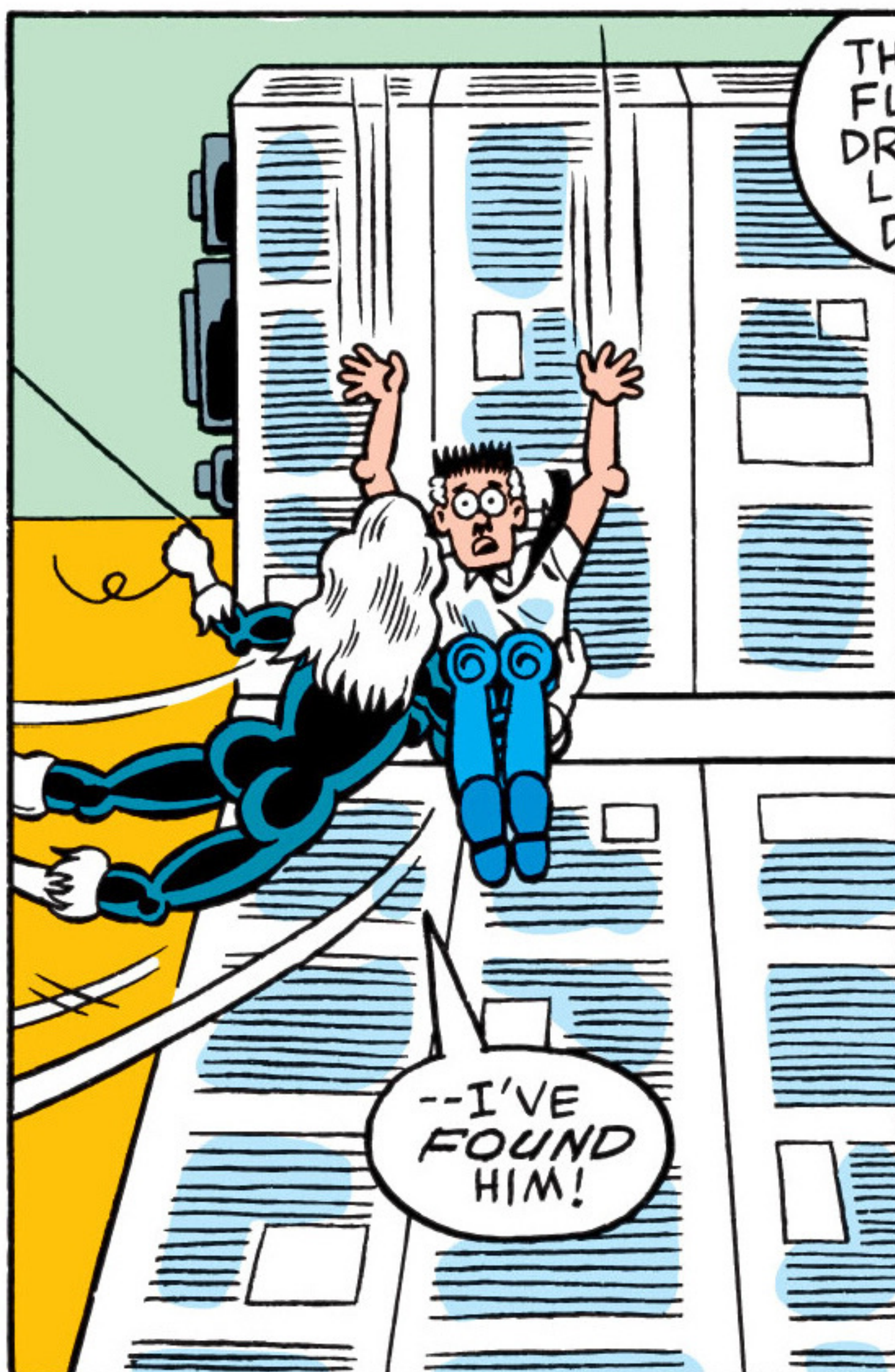
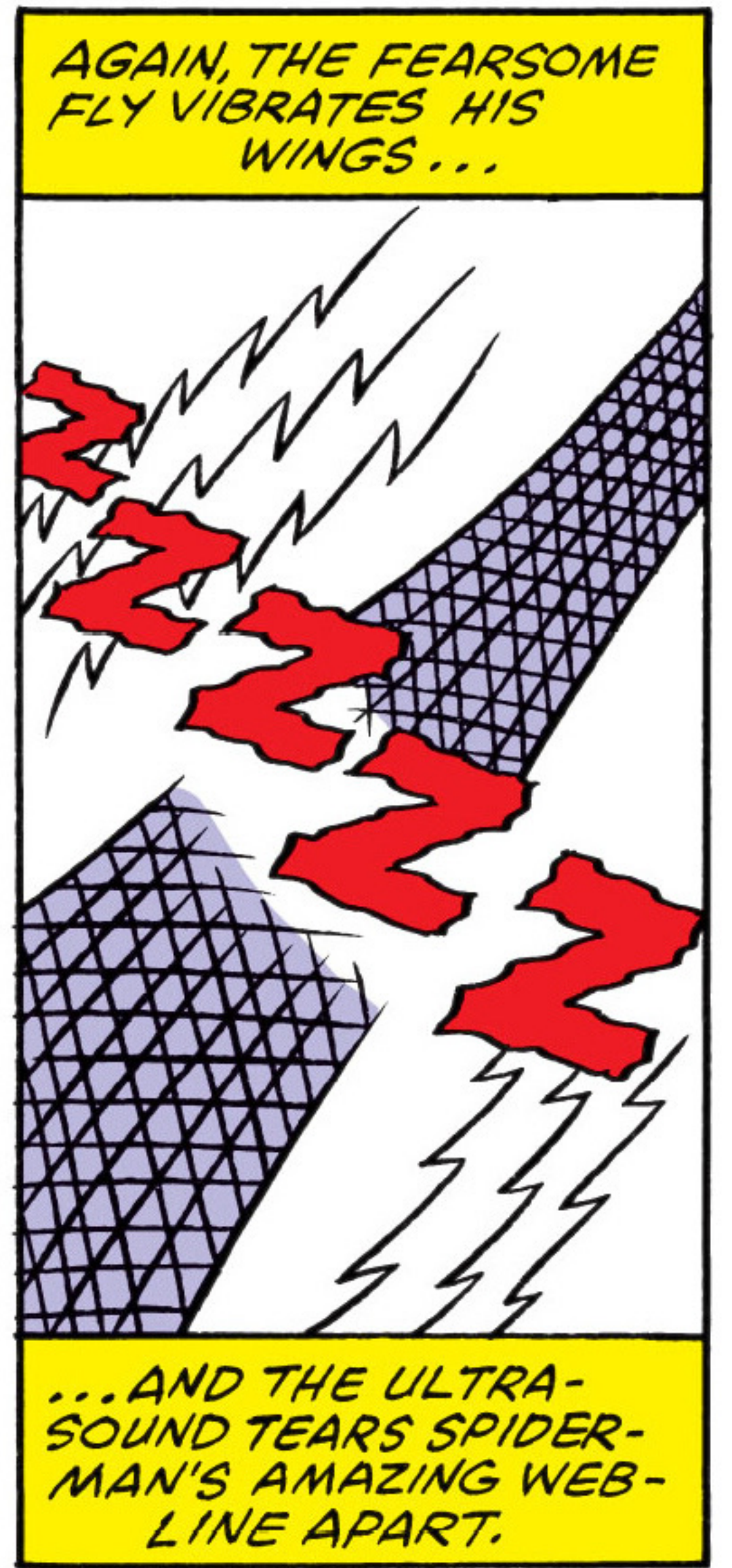


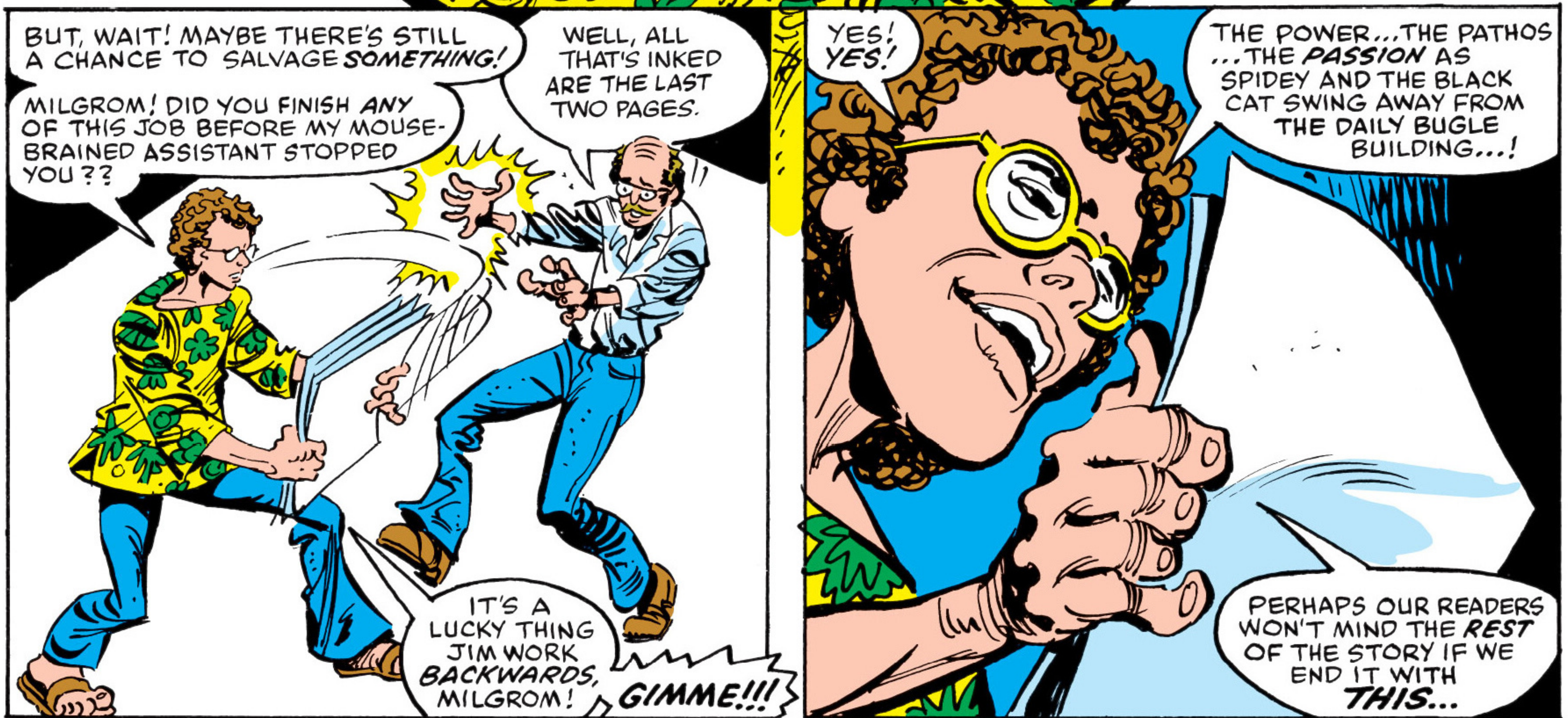
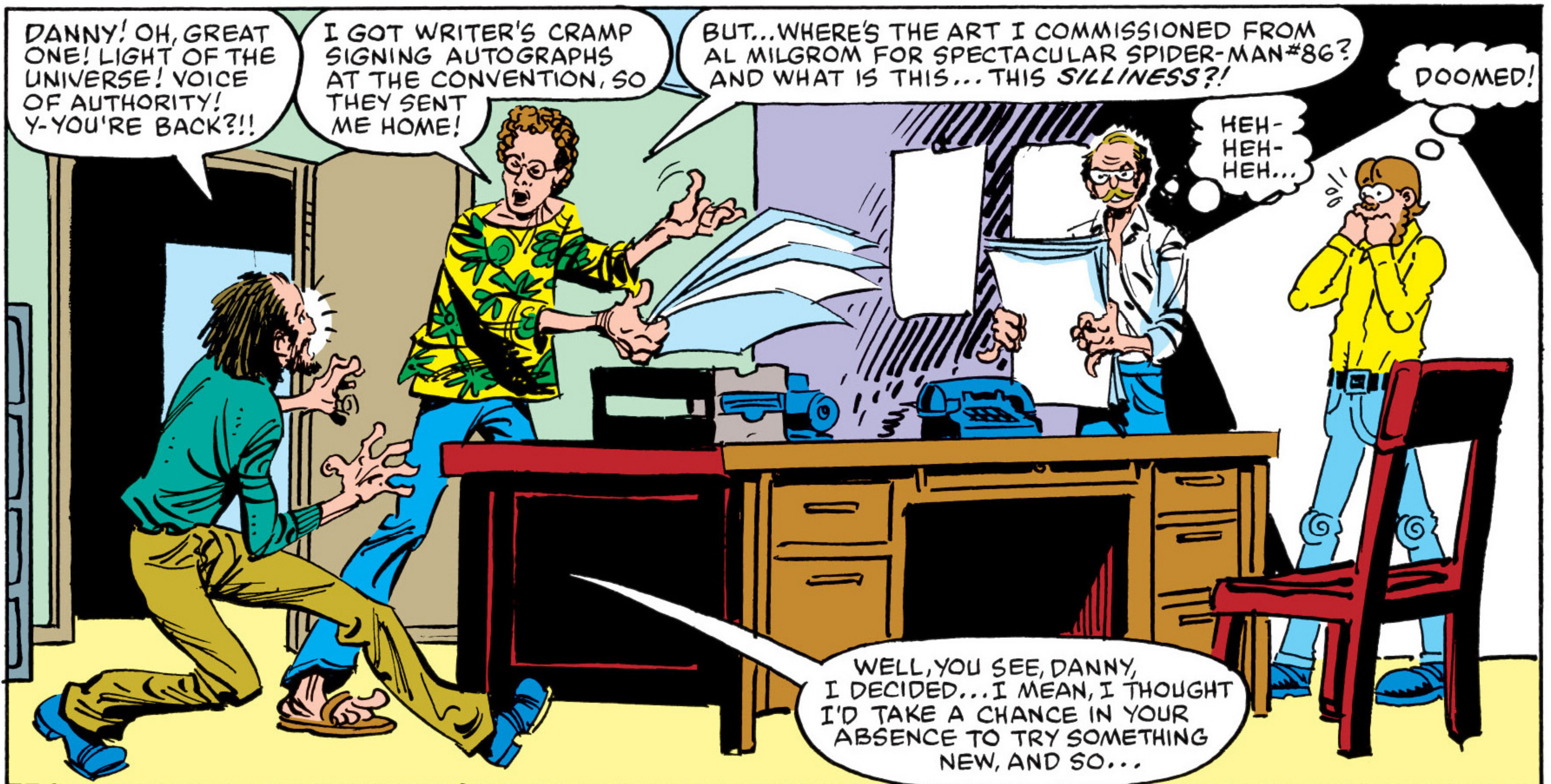
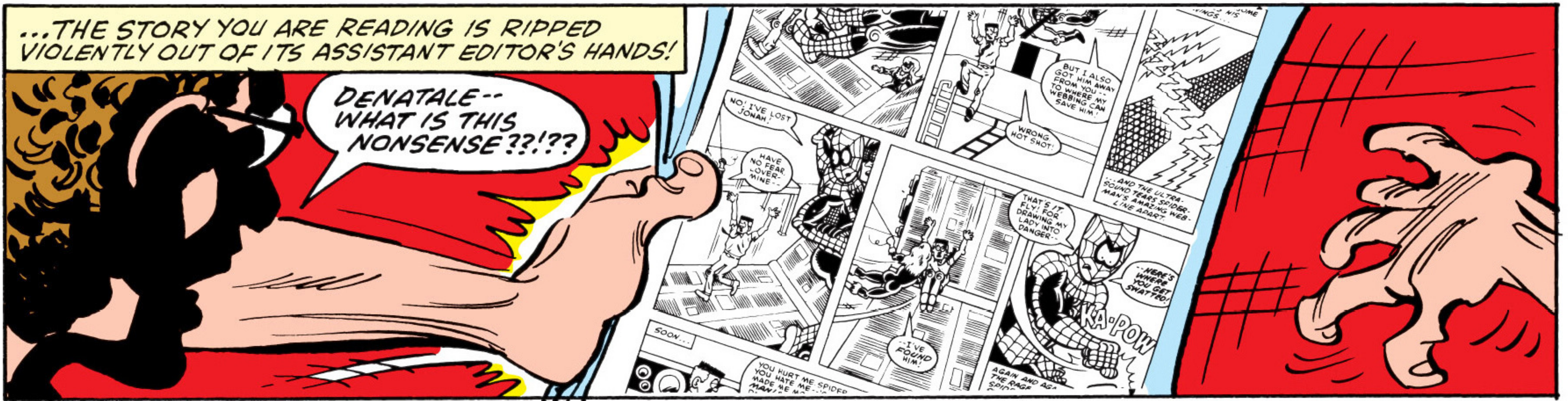


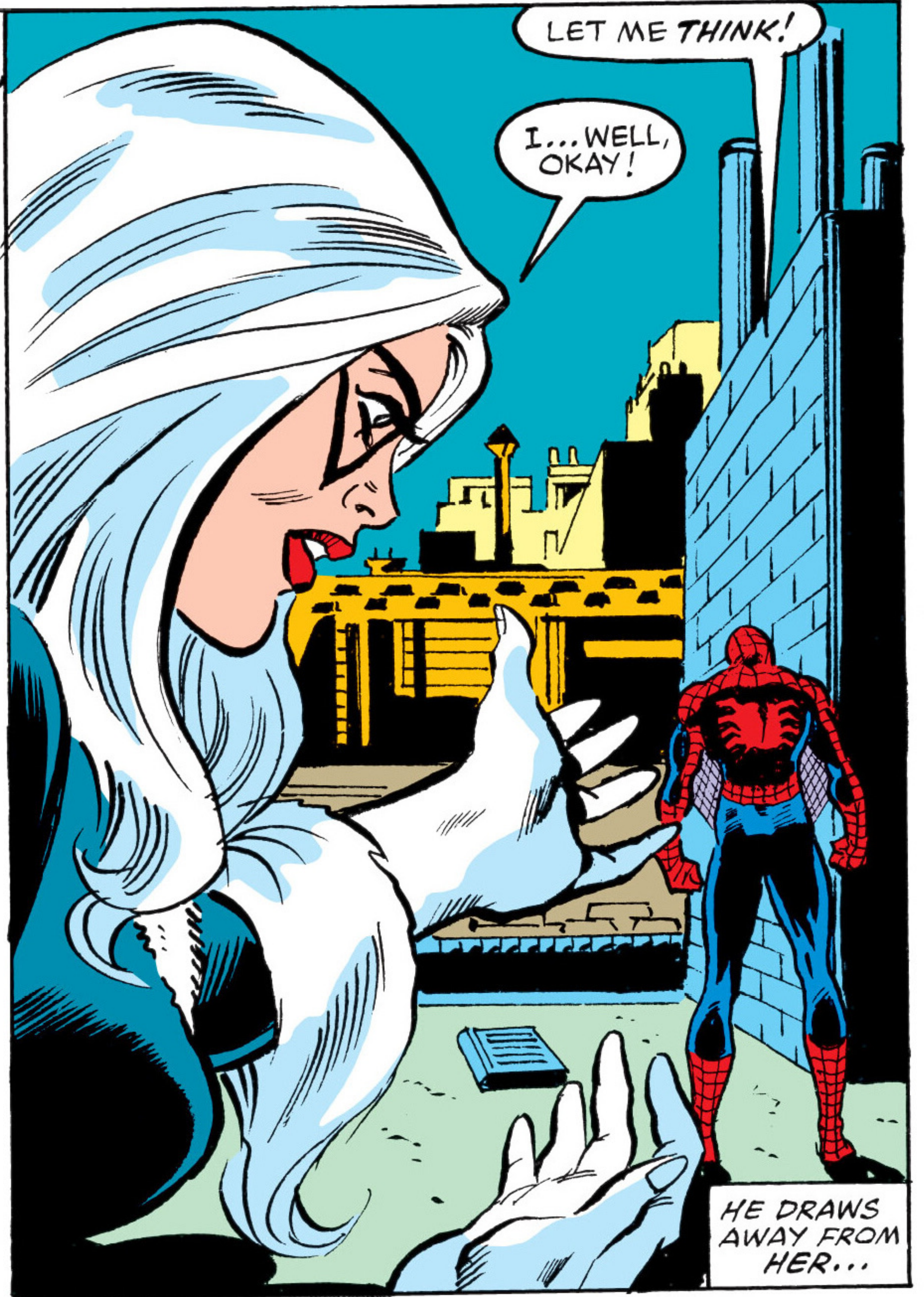
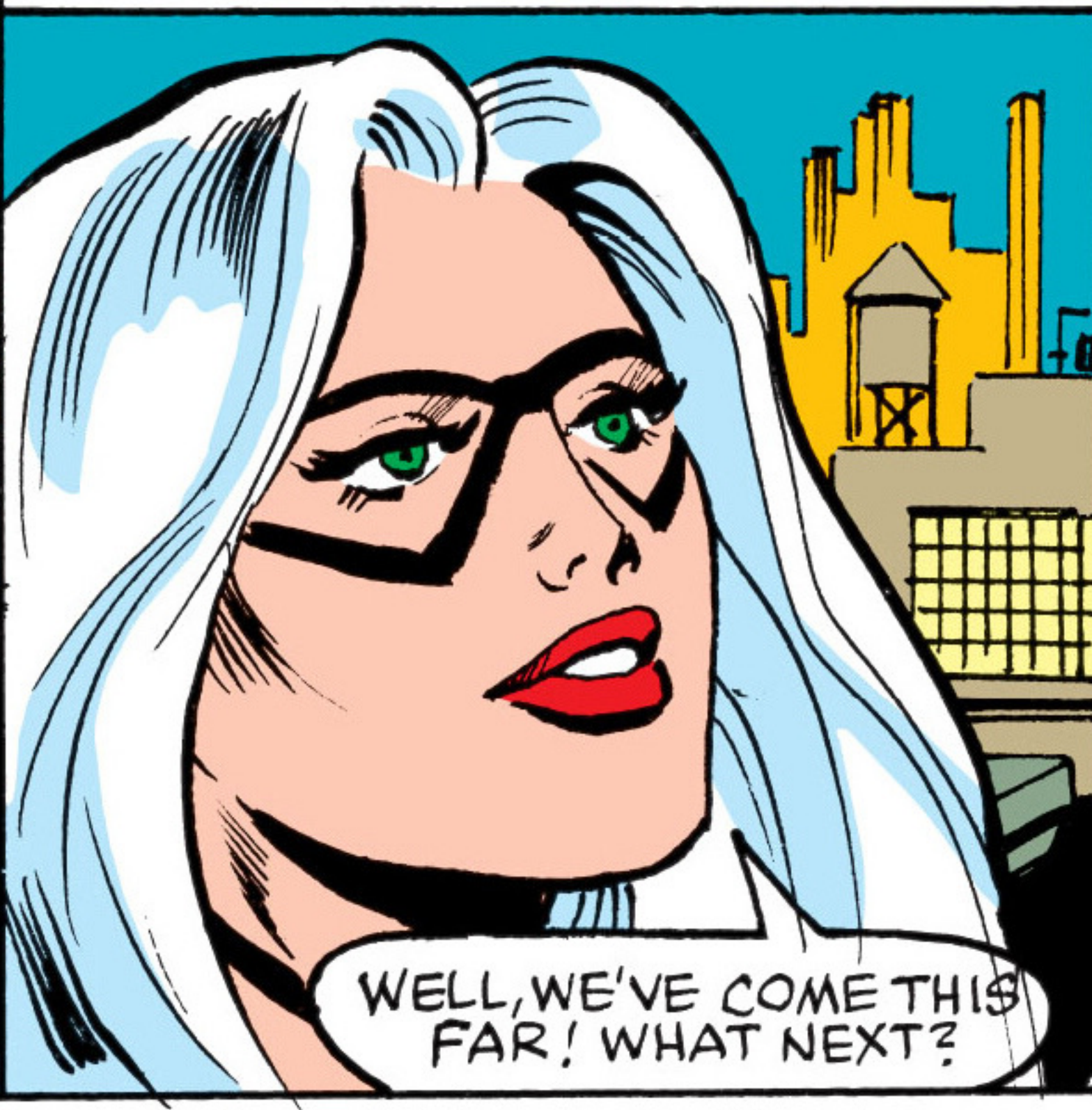
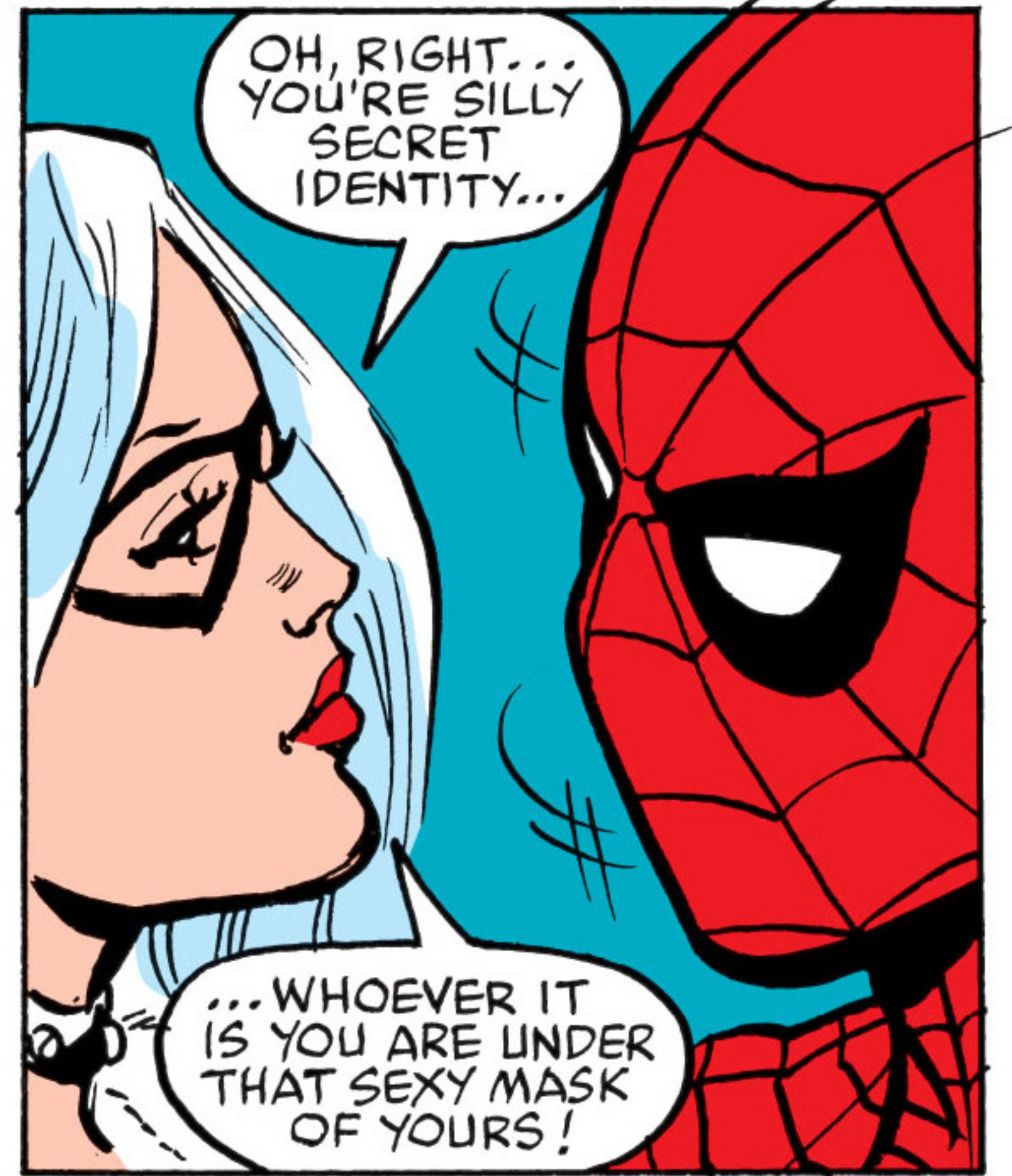


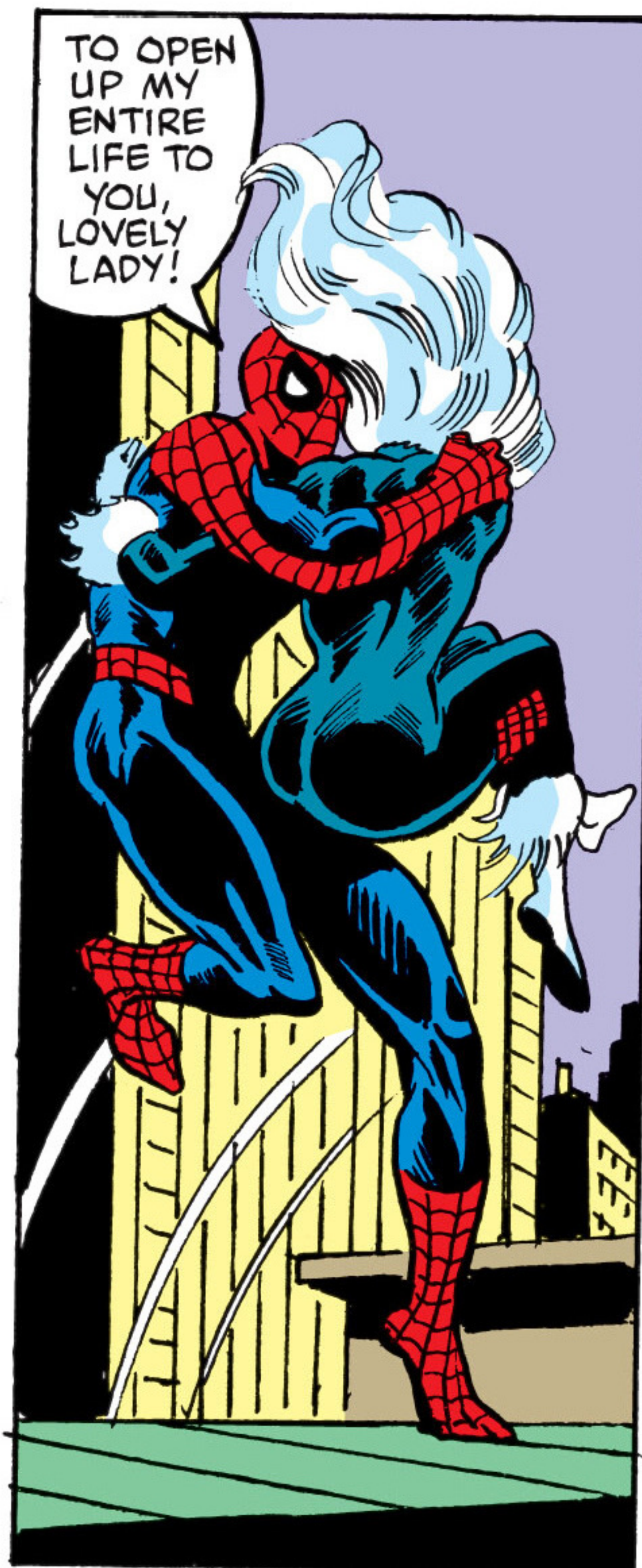
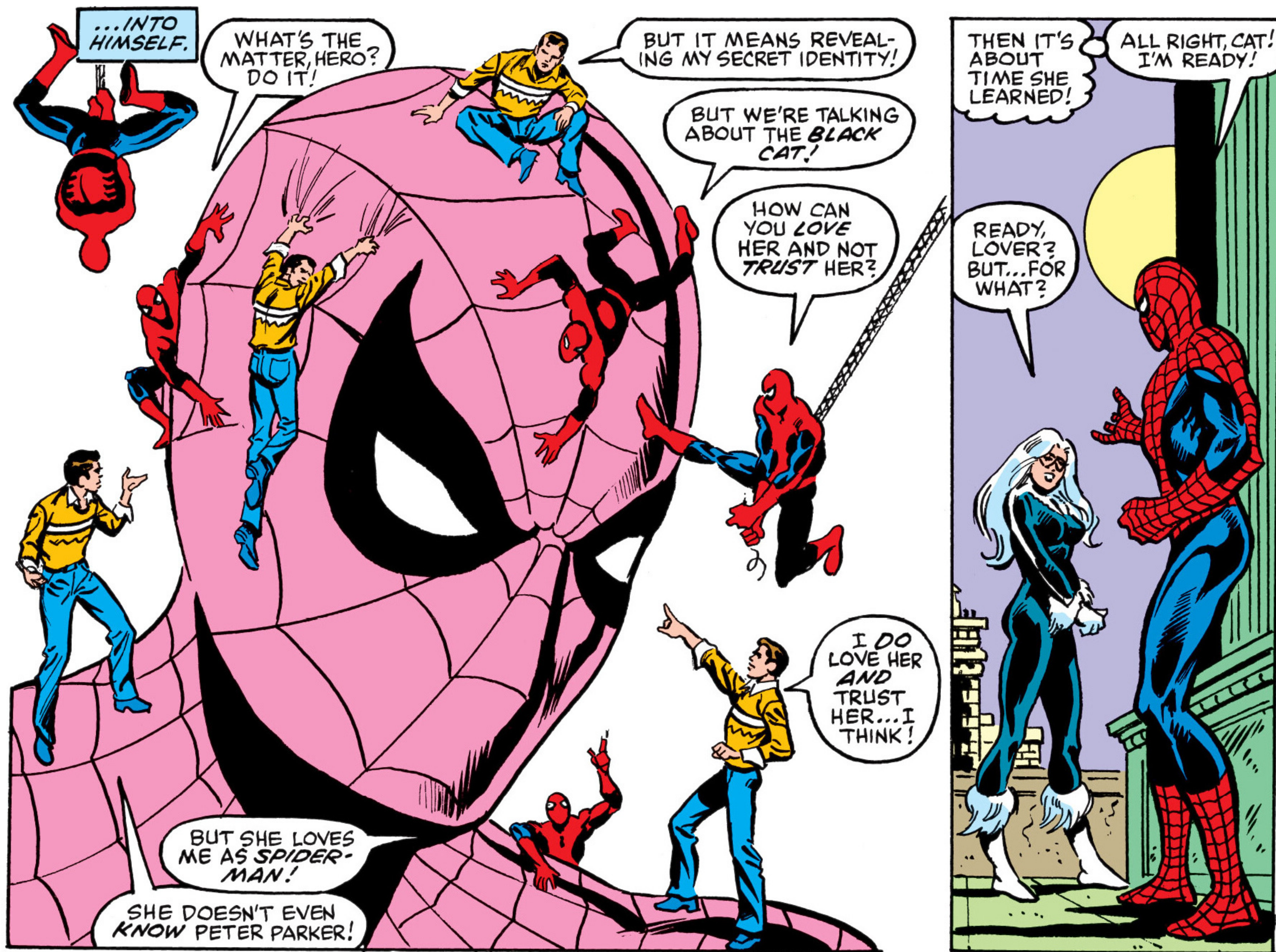












NEXT MONTH: MISTAKEN IDENTITIES!